LADIES' JOURNAL.

— DEVOTED TO —

LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, ETC. ETC.

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THE DIAMOND THIEF.

From time to time the general public reads of some wonderful jewel robbery, and marvels at the sagacity of those thieves who prefer to turn their talents, often of the highest order, to a dishonest account, when they might make an honourable and profitable livelihood. But there have been one or two audacious robberies which have never found their way into the newspapers, from some cause or another best known by the losers. Some days ago we had the pleasure of meeting one of the partners in a wholesale jewelry business, dealing principally with the better class of West End shops, though they are always ready to accept a private customer. In course of time the conversation turned upon jewel robberies; and for something over two hours my new acquaintance kept us interested while he detailed more than one audacious plot by which the firm had suffered loss. After the silence which followed a tale of more than usual interest, one of the circle asked the narrator if ever private customers were tempted to rob them. The answer was the following story:

Of course we do occasionally have cases of that kind, said the narrator; though usually they are quickly detected. Occasionally an aristocratic customer—some one with plenty of money—is tempted to purloin a valuable ornament. You see kleptomania is a luxury which only the rich can afford to indulge in. I remember once waiting upon a lady in Park Lane with a rare lot of ornaments, out of which she selected some hundreds of pounds, worth. A diamond and Limoges enamel star, which she had particularly admired, was missing when I came to repack my cases. A younger man would have lost his head, and there would have been a scene, ending, perhaps, in a prosecution, which, let me tell you, under such circumstances would have done us incredible harm. But, as the Yankees say, "I had been there before." All I had to do was to make out a list of the things purchased and those kept for approval; the diamond star figuring prominently at the foot of the list. My customer looked at me a moment, half afraid, till I reminded her, as suavely as possible, that she had slipped it in her pocket in a moment of temporary abstraction. Of course she saw what I meant, and acknowledged her blunder very prettily.

But perhaps the greatest loss we ever had was in a measure due to one of the best customers of the firm, a member of the Upper House, with a town residence in Arlington Street, and no one knows how many seats and estates in different parts of the country. Probably you all remember his daughter being married some four years ago—at St Peter's, Eaton Square, or the Savoy Chapel, I forget which, with a royal personage to sign the register, and wedding presents from Her Majesty downwards. His lordship is a very rich man, and his presents were worth a small fortune. But they cost him more than he anticipated.

I was in the counting-house one morning some two months before this marriage came off, discussing it with my partner, both wondering if we should have an order from the earl, when a slim-looking gentleman came in and laid a note upon the table. It was an order from the earl to repair at once to Arlington Street with a *parure* of diamonds, of which we make a specialty. I arranged to call a little later in the day, a fact of which I informed the slim gentleman. But towards the afternoon I received another by the same hand advising me that his lordship had left town suddenly for M——Castle, his seat in Loanshire, and that I was to come down there for instruction in the course of the following day. I remember being somewhat annoyed at the time, for I had an important family engagement on the morrow; but I had to swallow my impatience and inform the messenger that I would do myself the honour of obeying his lordship's commands. My partner was in the inner office, and it was my duty to show him the letter. Judge of my surprise when I could find neither of the earl's notes, though I distinctly remembered placing the second one on the desk before me whilst I was giving the messenger my reply. I thought little of it at the time, though how their loss affected us afterwards you shall hear.

I went down to M——the following day with more valuables than I have ever carried before or since. I must have had at least thirty thousand pounds' worth about me altogether. But I am not a nervous man, though men in my line have been robbed in a railway carriage before now.

I knew the earl very well by sight, though I had never had a personal intervew with him before. I had occasionally seen him in the counting-house, and had listened to his peculiarly grating voice—a deep stern voice, with a rough rasp in it like the noise of a saw— a voice I could pick out amongst a thousand. I had no occasion to find fault with my reception: an elegant luncheon awaited me in the dining-room, and his lordship's own man—the slim gentleman aforesaid—was told off to administer to my creature comforts. He was extremely chatty and agreeable, without being the least forward, as 'gentlemen's gentlemen' too often are; and asked a variety of questions about my business, commiserating me upon the anxiety I must suffer in travelling the country with so vast and tempting treasures in my possession.

I will not detain you with the result of my interview with the earl and his daughter. I was fortunate enough to have in my possession the precise ornaments they required; and as I returned to town that night, well pleased with my journey, and the big cheque in my pocket, I congratulated myself that my treasures were so considerably lightened since the morning. It was more than twelve months before I heard from the earl again.

It was one dull November, with a fog beginning to settle over the city, so dense that we had lighted the gas, though it was not long past eleven, when a visitor was ushered into the counting-house—no one else than the slim gentleman, who gave me a smiling recognition and held out a note for my perusal. I was somewhat astonished and not a little pleased when I saw that it was an order from his lordship for a *parure* of diamonds; in fact, almost the same order as I had received nearly eighteen months ago. In a jocular way I pointed out this resemblance to the slim gentleman. To my surprise, his face became grave, and he looked around cautiously, as if afraid of eavesdroppers, and coming a little closer, began in a significant tone: "Of course you understand, sir, that confidential servants are often obliged to know things that it is as well other people should be ignorant of. Every noble family has its skelton, and our family has theirs. Now in the first place have you another suite of diamonds the counterpart of the others my lord purchased?"

I intimated that we had such another suite, as the earl must remember; but my visitor waived the question aside impatiently.

"You might possibly have sold it," he said; "and there is no time to make another. The fact is, Lady R——, who is staying with us now, must wear those jewels at a dance we are giving to-morrow night. And this is where the difficulty comes in, for they have been stolen!"

"Good gracious, you don't say so!—But why make a mystery of the matter?"

"Because we happen to know who the thief is!" said the valet, dropping his voice still lower. "To a great extent I was instrumental in detecting the delinquent myself. It is a deplorable affair, a shocking affair—such a promising young gentleman too.—But I am saying too much, perhaps.—Mr.—— we must have those jewels at any price. If not, one of the highest families in the land will be terribly compromised. Do not be at Arlington Street later than half-past two."

I always had a weakness for a mystery, and here was one ready to my hand. I could understand, from my visitor's little indiscretion, that some terrible scandal had happened, though I admired the fellow's cautiousness in checking himself before he had said too much. Under the circumstances, I need not tell you that my cab reached Arlington Street on the stroke of half-past two.

The drawing-room blinds were down; the shutters, too, all over the house, with the exception of the dining room. In the clearer atmosphere it was fairly light enough to do without gas. In the front dining-room a young man was standing before the fire, who pleasantly introduced himself to me as the Honourable Claude V——, a name I knew well enough though I had never seen the young gentleman before. In spite of his naturally amiable manner, I thought he seemed anxious and ill at ease, frequently breaking off in the middle of some observation to listen to the sound of voices, which came plainly enough from behind the thin ornamental partition dividing the two rooms, and whence the earl's peculiar grating tones could be heard every now and then raised in something like anger. I could catch from time to time allusions to diamonds, and occasionally the word "thief" was used in tones of immeasurable contempt. In the midst of this the door opened and the gentlemanly valet walked in. Even he seemed somewhat restless and uneasy, a circumstance I should scarcely have expected from a person of his unusually even temperament. He held in his hand an open telegram, and a letter for me, the ink still wet upon the envelope. I tore it open, and read that his lordship had suddenly been summoned to M——Castle, the valet at the same time showing me the telegram, signed "Mary."

"You will have to go down to M——to-morrow, sir," he said to me; "unless perhaps you have no objection to allowing the earl to take the jewels with him. However, for the present that matters but little."

I immediately expressed my willingness to comply with this arrangement. With seeming reluctance, the valet took my bag, and presently I heard the sound of conversation resumed in the adjoining apartment.

"Thank goodness, there is a way out of it," I heard the earl say.—"No, I will not look at anything else now. Take the bag back to Mr.——at once.—And, Evans, I must have a cab immediately."

"You are usually cautious in your profession," remarked the Honourable Claude to me, as I made a hurried inventory of various costly nicknacks I had brought with me on the chance of a sale, for even confidential servants are not always to be trusted.—"Nothing missing, I trust?"

There was nothing missing, as I smilingly hastened to reply, though my answer was drowned by the rattle of a cab on the pavement outside. I heard the earl's voice in the hall admonishing the faithful Evans, and caught a glimpse of his well-known figure as he climbed into the cab. As the horse sped rapidly away, my companion heaved a voluntary sigh of relief.

"Of course you have guessed there is something wrong, Mr.——," he said gravely, "I am not at liberty to favour you with any details; but you will be doing us all a favour by observing a discreet silence concerning everything that you may have heard the last half-hour.

Needless to say that I promised, also that I fully intended to adhere to that resolution. I stayed chatting with my aristocratic acquaintance for some time, considerably taken by his pleasant chattor and keen observation on men and things. Judge of my surprise when, on looking at my watch, I found it to be past four. I had already missed one appointment by my carelessness, and I excused myself hurriedly; and half an hour later I was back again at our counting-house in Hatton Garden. As I drove up, another cab stopped at the door, and out of it descended a figure which filled me with astonishment. It was the Earl of——himself! He seized me hurriedly by the arm, contrary to his usual dignified manner and bearing, and almost forced me into the office. Once there, he lost no time in telling me the occasion for his errand, a narrative which, as it proceeded, more than confirmed my worst fears.

"I thought it best not to telegraph you," he commenced; "electric messages get into suspicious hands occasionally, so I came up from M——straight here."

"You have only just arrived in town, my lord?" I asked feebly "Do I understand that?"

"I reached Paddington scarcely half an hour ago. The fact is the jewels I had from you for my daughter have been stolen."

"So I have been informed," I roplied mechanically, "only half an hour ago."

"So you have been told! Where on earth did you get your information?"

As coherently as I could, I told my tale; and fortunately was able to produce the two notes in evidence of my sanity, which up to this time had been open to argument.

The earl put on his gold-rimmed spectacles and read them with a judicial air. "I am afraid, very much afraid, you have been the victim of a cleverly planned robbery. Yesterday morning Evans came to me and asked for two days' holiday, a favor which I need not tell you was readily granted. It was only last night that my daughter, who is staying at M—— with her husband, discovered by the merest accident that she had been robbed. Of course none of us suspected Evans. I should not have suspected it now, if I had not seen you; and my object in coming here was to get a technical description of the missing gems for the use of the Scotland Yard people. What a pity I did not come earlier!"

By this time I was in a frame of mind suspicious enough to make me suspect any one, including the earl himself. I pointed out to him, none too courteously, the fact of the letters, and my conversation with the Honourable Claude.

"I have a good memory, Mr.——,' said my visitor kindly, "and I recognise these letters as the two I wrote to you prior to my daughter's marriage.—Evans, I understand, delivered both of them, and must have purloined them whilst your back was turned, with a view to this very robbery. It is true that I have a son Claude, only, unfortunately for your theory, he is at present with his regiment in the West Indies."

"But I could have sworn to your lordship's figure as I saw you getting into the cab; and, pardon me, I could make oath to your voice amongst a million."

"You recall a little circumstance I had quite forgotten," the earl replied in amused retrospection. "Evans, I regret to say, was uncommonly clever at mimicry; indeed, on one occasion I am informed that he presumed to counterfeit my dress and general style, even my voice, for the amusement of a select circle of friends, in a manner which filled them with astonishment. They say, like master like man, Mr. ——; but it is very sad to see so clever a man so great a rascal.—And now, as I am in a measure the author of your loss, and as we are, moreover, comrades in misfortune, pray, consider my advice, need I say my purse likewise, at your convenience."

We drove to Scotland Yard together and laid our complaint before the authorities. They were very wise and confident; but, as I imagined, the real culprit was never captured. The "Honourable Claude" was picked up some few months later, but he turned out to be only a cat's-paw in the hands of the older and abler scoundrel, But the astute Evans, the successful mimic, was never found; and those two splendid parures remain lost to the world to this day. But in consequence of the daring robbery being committed under his own roof, the Earl of——insisted upon making good our loss, as a kind of penalty, he said, for placing a premium upon temptation.

"How did they get into the earl's town-house in his absence?" asked a listener when the narrative had concluded.

"That was the easiest part of all. Of course, the town-house was only used for a month or two in the year, and then left in charge of an aged caretaker, all the valuables being removed. If a confidential servant wished the use of a room for an hour or two, the rest is easily managed."

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"Were you not suspicious when you were asked to part with your valuables?"

"In a general way I should not have parted with them, not even to a relation of my customer; but the romance of the thing deceived me, the half-vested air of mystery, and above all, hearing the earl's voice so close to me, and every stray word I could catch bearing upon the servant's cunningly told tale. Usually I am caution itself, but I was fairly "had" there."

"I suppose the old chloroform business is quite exploded now?"

"Pretty well; for it is rather dangerous, you see. A man may be a bad subject for the drug, and again he may be armed. That kind of thing used to pay best in a railway carriage, like loaded cigars, and narcotics in a glass of wine. My railway-carriage experience was, however, of a different description. Another evening you may perhaps like to hear it."

Queer Ways of Women.

The ways of women are queer.

A woman can faint away at the sight of a bit of blood on her finger, have all the children in the house screaming with fright, require eau de cologne to bring her to and be nervous for twenty-four hours after, yet the same woman can, in perfect silence, stand by and help a doctor perform an operation that may mean death to some one she loves.

A woman can scorn what she calls made-over clothes, can laugh at discriminate charity, and yet the same woman can cry as if her heart would break and take all her spending money to buy an overcoat for a newsboy she met in the street-cars because his face was so pitiful.

She can take two hours and a half to dress to go to the theatre, and then tell Charlie she knows she looks like a dowdy, but the same woman can pack a trunk with things to last her for two weeks in twenty minutes when she gets a telegram saying, "Come as soon as possible, your mother is sick."

She will bake a chicken until it is brown, and then calmly ask the master of the establishment if he doesn't think the English way of roasting is preferable to any other.

She can do most anything she wants, and she wants to do most everything except, thank goodness, wear trousers.

Be Happy To-day.

Putting off trying to be happy is robbing life of it, best chances. Now is ours, to-morrow may never come for us. And should it come, we know not what it may bring of sorrow, trouble, and despair. But the happy moments once enjoyed are ours—for ever. We can live them again and again in memory. Every thrill of love, joy, and bliss makes its mark upon the inner self, and the more of these impressions we can secure the brighter and better will be all the coming days. Friends may prove false and undeserving, but they cannot take from us the joy of having once loved and trusted them. Returned affection is a priceless blessing, but the love we give from a full, warm heart is far more to us than any received can be. It sweetens and mellows our personality, and sows seeds of joy, hope, and happiness, and from them spring the flowers of peace, serenity, and sweetness ineffable.

A Forgotten Six Million.

At the deathbed of William B. Astor, father of the late John Jacob, after everything pertaining to the enormous personal estate was supposed to be arranged, the dying man said,—

"John, what did we do with the six millions of registered four per cent bonds?"

"We have forgotten them, father," answered the son.

"What do you think we had better do with them, John?"

"I think, father, they had better be given to the girls"—his sisters.

"That's a good idea, John. Hurry a man on to Washington specially, and have them transferred before I die."

This was done, and the incident is a suggestive pointer as to the vastness of the property to be disposed of.

The Objectionable Waltz.

The waltz, pretty and graceful though it be, is responsible for the decline in dancing. It renders conversation an impossibility, thereby doing away at one fell swoop with one of the most engaging charms of a partner in the dance. The quadrille is the favorite battle-field of flirtation; the waltz kills flirtation. In the days of the minuet, our ancestors engaged in pleasant discourse while treading that stately dance, and the plain quadrille afforded many of the older of us to enjoy delicious bits of flirtation with those of the other sex whom we admired; for in the dance (as on board ship or in a sleeping-car) many liberties and pleasantries pass for harmless nothings, which elsewhere might be offensive. A revival of the quadrille would please mothers and daughters alike.

FIG. 32-33.—No. 4540.—LADIES' LACE COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

This design cuts from 30 to 40 inches bust measure, and the quantity of material required of 44-inch net, 6 3-4 yards, and 14 yards of ribbon for each size.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 pieces of ribbon and 6 pieces of lace insertion will be required for each size.

No. 4542.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 4 yards; 38, 40 inches, 4 1-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 2 yards; 38, 40 inches, 2 1-8 yards.

Plain silk for plastron and collars, 1 yard; silk cord, 4 1-2 yards.

No. 4543.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 10 3-4 yards, or of 42-inch goods, 5 3-8 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 4 1-4 yards of 21-inch plain silk, 6 yards of figured silk, and 1½ yards of fringe will be required for each size.

Browning and the Young Poet.

Although Browning was probably not so much persecuted as Tennyson by writers of amateur verse, he must often have been hard tested to combine courtesy with sincerity in replying to their uninvited communications. I know of one case in which he got out of the difficulty ingeniously if not quite ingenuously.

A youthful poet, endowed with even more than the normal self-complacency of his tribe, had conceived the crafty plan of dedicating his various works to well known men of letters and forwarding them the MSS. with a request that they would get them inserted in the Nineteenth Century, the Fortnightly, or some other leading magazine. He once sent Browning a long screed of verses, duly ascribed to him and accompanied by the usual request. A few days afterward he showed me with pride Browning's reply. This consisted of a curtly courteous acknowledgment of the verses, followed by this sentence:

"I have no influence whatever with editors of magazines, a fact which I regret but on occasions like the present."

This was very soothing to the poet's soul, but the word "but" was so hopelessly smudged and obliterated that no one but the poet could make it out. He, reading with the eye of faith, saw it clearly, but to ordinary eyes the phrase reads thus:—

"A fact which I never regret" (smudge) "on occasions like the present."

So exquisitely neat was Browning's ordinary handwriting that I cannot suppose this diplomatic smudge to have been other than intentional.

External Circumstances

Man's highest merit always is as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when out of this fortuitous mass he can combine with the greatest economy, fitness and durability some form the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till in one way or another it has been produced.

FIGS. 30—31.—No. 4555—LADIES' POLONAISE. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 7 1-4 yards: 34, 36 inches, 7 1-2 yards; 38 inches, 8 yards; 40 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 3 1-4 yards; 34, 36 inches, 3 3-4 yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 3-4 yards of 21-inch brocaded silk and 1 1-4 yards of light silk will be required to make the medium size.

No. 4153.—LADIES' ACCORDION PLEATED SKIRT. PRICE. 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 20 to 30 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 11 3-4 yards, or 42-inch goods, 5 7-8 yards. Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.

No. 4553.—LADIES' ROUND WAIST. PRICE 20 CEN

Quantity of Materiel (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1-4 yards; 32 inches, 3 1-4 yards; 34 inches, 3 1-2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1-2 yards; 38 inches, 3 3-4 yards; 40 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 5-8 yards; 32 inches, 1 5-8 yards; 34 inches, 1 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 1 3-4 yards; 38 inches, 1 7-8 yards; 40 inches, 2 yards.

Velvet, 1-4 of a yard.

No. 4552.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 15 yards, or 42-inch goods, 7 1-2 yards.

FIG. 60.—No. 4560.—GIRLS' COAT. PRICE 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 2 1-2 yards; 4 years, 2 7-8 yards; 5 yerrs, 3 1 4 yards; 6 years, 3 3-8 yards; 7 years, 3 1-2 yards; 8 years, 3 7-8 yards; 9 years, 4 1-4 yards; 10 years, 4 1-2 yards.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 3 years, 2 1-8 yards; 4 years, 2 3-8 yards; 5 years, 2 5-8 yards; 6 years, 2 7-8 yards; 7 years, 3 yards; 8 years, 3 1-4 yards; 9 years, 3 5-8 yards; 10 years, 4 yards.

If velvet is used for yoke, 1-2 yard will be required

The Chief End of Woman.

Periodical literature for women concerns itself so largely with her new successes in the business world' is so taken up with chronicling her achievements in commerce, in literature, and in art, that the casual reader might be persuaded to believe the good, old-fashioned occupation of motherhood had fallen into disrepute. Surely whatsoever the female hand finds to do, let it be done with all the might and skill possible; but let the woman not forget in her new delight in the discovery of the wide range of her powers the dignity and majesty of her ancient and primal mission. Let her remember that in all ages she has stood at the altar of life, the high-priestess of humanity; that in the face of all accusations of weakness and inferiority she has gone with dumb lips and brave eyes again and again into the shadow of death to make her sacrifice for the race; and that in these later days of knowledge, biologists, after profound study of the phenomena of being, announce that it is she who is the trunk of the tree of life, and the males but a subsidiary force in the world of genesis. The scientific data from which such conclusions have been drawn have not been entirely hidden from popular apprehension, for certain facts of heritage are matters of proverbial acceptance. The sons of great men are rarely great. Great men have nearly always mothers of powerful character and mind. The dignity, freedom, and strength of a nation are usually in direct proportion to the liberty and dignity of its women, and so on, with like facts all tending to the same conclusion. It is undoubtedly proven that in America, where the women are famous for their originality and the freedom of their intelligence, the men are noted for the highest development of the same qualities, and the nation moves with prodigious strides toward the full perfection of existence. Let the brilliant works of women be glorified, and cried upon the housetops with trumpets of silver; but let it not be imagined that these works are the end for which she lives, admirable as they may be in themselves. Her real mission is greater and wider than all this, and these pictures, books, scientific discoveries, learning, and commercial successes are but the means by which she works toward the lifting of the whole race. Motherhood grows more glorious with every step she takes upward in the scale of being, and her offspring, like the whelps of the lioness, shall be brought forth heirs of her own kingdom of power and dominion. Since she has caught up the torch of wisdom and learning, ages of darkness are no longer possible. Men of all races may be destroyed and obliterated by lower forces, but woman is eternal. War and barbarian influx pass by and spare her, and whatever social or political convulsion may attack our present civilization, it cannot be wholly destroyed, like those of old time, since of this one woman holds the secret.—[Harper's Bazaar.

Nevertheless, of all the stupidities of which man is capable, marriage is that which I would soonest advise him to commit; it is at least the only one that he cannot commit every day.—[A. Dumas, fils.

The Oldest Girl.

There is a certain ring of pride in a man's voice when he introduces one of his own friends by saying: "This is my oldest girl." It's a ring that comes from satisfaction. He has found that that oldest girl of his has known how to make all life pleasanter in the household, and there is nothing which delights him so much as for her to have some sort of an entertainment where the other girls and the young men are asked. Then he thinks they see just what his oldest girl is. She knows how to make this formal party a very pleasant one; she hasn't got the room so crowded with decorated scrap-basket, paper flowers, ribbon-trimmed chairs and untidy tidies as to interpose a screen between everybody; but she has it looking well furnished, homelike and cheerful. The lamp shades are as bright as only glasses can be, and you know whose busy hands keeps them in order all the year round. On the table are the illustrated papers, some photographs and some books. Not stiffly piled, but laid about carelessly that they may be picked up and talked about. Some pretty pictures stand on top of the piano, and there is a vase filled with flowers, so that the shyest girl in the world doesn't mind going back there to play for everybody because her face is hidden. Your oldest girl is considerate. Then the pleasant little break comes when the light cake, the daintily-cut sandwiches, the chocolate in its thin cups, and the lemonade in its small glasses are served. Your oldest girl and the other girls arranged all this, and then, so that there might be no confusion, had plates and napkins piled on the table, and, in addition to your own one obliging maid, got in her sister for the evening, so everybody was served. She had hard work to convince the maid that all the ladies were not to be attended to first, but at last she did make her understand that each group was to be served, and so the chatter and the talk was not stopped. She got whoever she could to play something pleasant on the piano, but she didn't encourage classical music. When it came to a question of singing she preferred that whoever could would give them dainty little ballads, and eventually the evening was wound up with a song familiar to them all; and everybody, old and young, joined in the chorus. You're right. Say it with pride always. Look at her lovingly and appreciate at her full worth "your oldest girl."

Their Use.

"I wonder what those sledge-hammers and saws are for?" remarked Mrs. Meddergrass to her husband, pointing to the framed assortment of tools in the forward end of the car.

"They are to break up the sandwiches the trainboy sells," replied Meddergrass, who had travelled.

Ordering a Bride.

A Greek merchant of Alexandria, in Egypt, who made a great deal of money, unable to return personally to his country, but intent upon choosing a Grecian maiden for his wife, writes to his correspondent in Corinth, at the bottom of his usual business letter: "Finally, I request you to remit me by returning steamer, a young lady who might feel inclined to be my wife. She need not be in possession of any money, with which I am sufficiently blessed; but a good reputation of the age of 24 or 25, a respectable family, good looks, health and temper and middle-sized figure. If the lady will bring the inclosed note with your kindly acceptance, you may feel assured that I will honor the same and make the bearer my wife."

Although somewhat astonished at this singular order of his Alexandria correspondent, the merchant at Corinth, a good business man, thought best to fill it like any other received from so reliable a customer and to send the merchandise demanded at short notice. Having found a lady possessing the required qualities and willing to transmit with the accepted check on her unknown countryman her hand and heart, the Corinthian took her aboard the next steamer going to the country of the Pharaohs. At the same time he notified his friend by telegraph of the precious shipment.

As soon as the boat anchored in the harbor of Alexandria the matrimonious Greek boarded it, to hear himself called by name and see a pretty young damsel stepping up to him, saying: "I have a check signed by you and hope you will duly honor it." "Never yet a note of mine has gone to protest," replied the blushing groom, "and I shall not permit this to happen to the one you hold. I shall be happy if, in compensation, you will honor me with your hand."

A fortnight later the note was redeemed and the payer a happy husband.

She Agreed With Him.

MissSummit—"I presume, Mr. Dashaway, that you will welcome the flannel shirt again this season? It must be such a comfort to you gentlemen during the hot weather."

Dashaway—"True: but as a matter of fact, Miss Summit, I can't say that I like the innovation. It is too leveling. When I have on a flannel shirt how are you going to tell me from—er—well, for instance, from a common brakeman?"

Miss Summit (artlessly)—"Do you know, I have often thought the same thing?"

Literary Item.

Book Reviewer—I can find no motion in "The Spectre of the Inn."

He should delegate the task to the inspectre.

Figs. 90- 6.

The Wardrobe of Queen Bess.

An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which the Virgin Queen at once delighted and astonished her subjects. She had at the date named, 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns (round, loose and French), 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets and 18 lap mantles.

Her gowns were of the richest and costliest materials—purple, gold tissue, crimson, satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, cloth and satins of dove color, drake color, horse-flesh color and a very popular color known in those old times as "lady blush." Some of the queen's dresses are worthy of special note, says the London *Lady*. A frock of silver cloth, checkered with red silk like birds' eyes, with demi-sleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver and lined with crimson velvet. A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers and clouds of Venice gold, silver and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin embroidered very fine with border of the sun, moon and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver and silk of sundry colors, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered.

Other gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak leaves and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains and flames of fire. Her buttons were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butter-flies, and those on one gorgeous dress were in the similitude of birds of paradise. Altogether, the Virgin Queen, when arrayed in all her glory, must have resembled a preliminary edition of "The History of Animated Nature."

Appropriate Selection

"Before we take up the collection this morning," remarked the good pastor, as he looked mildly over thecongregation, "I wish to say that we have in the church treasury already two quarts of nickels that appear to have been punched through and afterward plugged with lead. These coins, I am informed, will not buy stamps, groceries or fuel, and conductors on street-cars refuse to take them. The choir will please sing 'O, Land of Rest, for Thee I Sigh.'"

No Flies on Her.

Spooner—"Why, Laura, what did you hold me so tightly for? Your mother saw you in my arms."

"Laura—"I meant that she should. I wanted to have a witness to the affection you profess for me. When shall we be married?"

FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

A most becoming style of low coiffure is shown on No. 2 in Figs. 90—96, where a fringe of loose curls is allowed over the brow, and the rest of the hair combed back to form a graceful knot, into which a switch may be easily introduced if the hair is not sufficiently thick. The hair is divided into three strands, and the fastening done with shell pins. Or the hair may be rolled in a small flat coil, if thin, and a false twist pinned on.

No. 6 represents a dressy style, suitable for the evening and consists of a long, loose braid, looped low on the neck, with a short curl on either side. The front locks are loosely waved, and the long hair on the sides is brushed back to make a second loose braid loop from the crown of the head. Flowers finish the decoration.

"And beauty draws us with a single hair," Pope tells us in the "Rape of the Lock," a very evident truth, as a becoming coiffure adds more to personal beauty than even the all-important dress. The plainest of women, if she will only study the subject, can render herself infinitely more attractive by skilfully arranged tresses, be they black, brown, or the ruddy, yellow tint now so much seen. Mistress Nature invariably resents our playing tricks with her handiwork, and in the commencement gives us the tints of skin suitable to the color of our hair. To alter this is obviously a mistake, as how can a blonde head accord with a brunnette complexion? but centuries ago the wise Seneca told us "As the world leads, we follow," and so it will continue to the end of the chapter.

A very becoming coiffure is a mixture of the catogan and Empire style. The front hair falls over the brow in loose fluffy curls, and the hair on the top of the head is combed up loosely to give it a wavy air. The catogan knot or loop of braided hair is quite low on the neck, has a few short curls finishing it off, and is held by a shell clasp.

A knot of braided hair just escaping the collar, and of an oval shape set lengthwise, is a neat and becoming style. The front hair may be dressed in any becoming style, though it is always worn loosely, does not curl beyond the temples, and shows a good space of brow above the eye-brows.

Shell, silver, gold, jet, and diamond-set clasps are shown for knots and twists of hair, and the long, fancy-headed pins remain a legion in number and styles. The side combs worn are remarkably convenient little things for keeping short hairs in place.

Bands of shell, gold, or silver are worn with the fashionable Grecian-draped evening gowns, in a coiffure of loose short curls over the head, and a low knot mixed with curls above the neck. Every one wears this style, but in reality it is only becoming to a woman with a perfect profile and poise of head and shoulders.

A very good hair restorative is made by pouring a pint of boiling water on two tablespoonfuls of dried rosemary leaves, with a wine-glass of rum added. Washing the hair in salt-water once a week is said to keep it from falling out.

Soda and cold water will clean hair-brushes without softening them, as warm water will; rinse in clear cold water and dry in a cool place, standing them up on the handles. Any shell ornament worn in the head loses its polish from the natural oil of the hair unless wiped off when taken out of the hair, and occasionally polished with a chamois skin.

LINGERIE.

In Figs. 90—96 No. 1 shows a dainty apron of Medici lace and insertion and French nainsook; the latter forms three panels divided by the insertion and the upper gathered portion, which is cut in one piece with the rest, the material beneath the insertion being cut out. On the sides the insertion runs to the top of the nainsook belt, which ties in the back, and lace edging surrounds the whole affair.

No 3 represents a cravat and bow of silk muslin, with hemmed and embroidered ends.

No 4 illustrates a fichu becoming to a slender figure. It is of crepe, with hemmed ruffles gathered to a ribbon band, turned over and arranged very full down the front, so that they hang like a jabot.

No. 5 consists of a ribbon collar, with a straight piece of crepe laid in folds and passed around it, as illustrated, crossing in front and caught with a fancy pin. Moire ribbon forms bows, back and front, and bretelles under the folds of crepe. No. 7 is a cravat of silk muslin having vandyke ends painted or embroidered, according to the taste and purse.

For morning, with high-necked bodices, the old cambric or muslin collar, with a side hem, has returned into fashion. Some are embroidered, however, and others are trimmed with lace. Cuffs to match are worn round the wrists. All this is very much prettier than the high collars like the dress, which have been too long seen and worn in soldier fashion. Collars and cuffs of vandyke embroidery are to be worn with cotton gowns.

Vest plastrons to wear with any plain basque have a full plastron of silk muslin, white, yellow, pink, lavender, or laid in fine pleats, and a pleated jabot down the centre, ending in a short belt, laid in pleats, with a rosette or long bow of ribbon on one side. The collar-piece is in single or double pleated ruffles, turned over.

Dotted veils are frequently worn only to the eye-brows, as they are the bane of weak eyes. In Paris they wear long scarf veils with large-brimmed hats, which are of net, enveloping the hat and wound around the neck like a boa.

Mourning dresses for the house are finished with white crepe or silk muslin ruffles in fine pleats, which is bought ready-made by the yard, that form outside cuffs, turned-over collar, and a jabot when sewed thickly down the lapped front edge of the basque, narrowing to nothing at the point.

Various other fripperies are shown to "gar the auld claes look amaist as weel as the new." The freshest o these are, perhaps, the shirt frills and jabot of lisse and gauze, a pretty example of which is a simple wide frill of gauze, gauged on to a narrow black velvet, so that it may be twisted about the figure at discretion; while another frill of the same kind has a reversed trimming of point d'Alencon. A becoming collar, or gorget, of Venice point fits closely to the figure, being peaked so that it almost reaches the waist, and is fastened down the Charles I. fashion, with little love-knots of cream ribbon. A dainty device has a narrow falling collar of pleated lisse in front, edged with wide, long, straight-falling ends of lisse in front, and with a pleating.

Some new fancy-edged ribbons for the necks and sleeves of dresses are edged with tassels or fans of the loose silk strands. Satin ribbons in plaid designs are pretty as a finish for dark gowns. Flat folds or a shell ruching, also quite flat, are worn, as is a fold edged with a silk cord. Cream-colored folds are more worn than those of a clear white shade.

A Dreadful Affliction.

"Oh, Cholly, I'm broken-hearted!"

"Why, old man, what's up?"

"I wead that mustaches were going out of fashion, and I've just waised one awfter faw yeahs hard work, and it's horwible to give it up."

The Safest Side.

Milkman (to applicant for situation). "You have had experience, have you?"

Applicant. "Oh yes, sir."

"On which side of a cow do you sit to milk?"

"The outside, sir."

My Mother's Hymn.

My Mother's Hymn! I hear it now,
As through the trees above her home,
The night wind whispering soft and low,
Like angel music seems to come,

And waft upon my ravished ear—
In strains as from the harps of gold,
And seraph voices sweet and clear—
The hymn she sung so oft of old.

How many times my hands have pressed
For her the throbbing organ keys
To that dear tune she loved the best,
Sweetest of sacred melodies.

And as I struck "Ward's" well-loved chords,
A far-off look came to her eyes,
Her sweet voice trembling through the words,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

How blest the righteous, oh, how blest,
When freed from earthly toil and pain,
The spirit leaves the expiring breast,
With Christ forever more to reign.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
So sped her soul, at close of day,
To loved ones on the other shore.

And when we laid her form away,
No more to greet our mortal eyes,
We sung to "Ward" above her clay,
"How blest the righteous when he dies.

—*Essie M. Howell.*

"WASH-LADIES."

AN EMERGENCY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

When Deacon Granby informed us, one morning, the second year after father's death, that Coppleton Bank was "broke," we could not, at first, understand the signification of the term; nor did we realize, to its full extent, the misfortune which had befallen us, until we found that the few dollars Marian happened to have in her purse, for incidental household expenses, was all the money we could call our own. Our little patrimony, the income of which had barely sufficed to lift us above actual poverty, was gone,—it had been recklessly squandered by the bank's trusted cashier, whose proponsity for luxuries and speculation had ruined hundreds of hard-working men and women.

We were not so unfortunate as many of the depositors, for we still had our home,—the dear old homestead which had sheltered generations of Pettigrews. But to exist, one must have something in addition to a house,—somewhat wherewith to buy clothes and furnish sustenance for the body. Deacon Granby, who was our nearest neighbor, and who, by reason of his propinquity, and our unprotected condition as "lone females," had constituted himself our adviser on all matters of business, suggested "raisin' garding sass" to sell to the hotels at Fairford. But, as our little kitchen garden was only large enough to grow the vegetables and small fruits we used ourselves, "truck-farming" was voted to be an incorrect solution of the vexatious problem, what to do for a living. For two whole days we seriously considered strawberry culture, and borrowed all the available books on the subject, but, at the close of the second day, we decided that the risks would be too great. We should have to rent a larger plot of ground than our garden, and then the birds, or a drouth, or cut-worms, or grass-hoppers, or whatever is the pest which is detrimental to the success of a berry crop, might prevent our realizing anything from our venture the first season, then what?

"No, we must think of something," said our wise Marian, "that will require no capital to start. If only we weren't such dunces?"

But we were, alas! We were not clever enough to teach school, like so many reduced gentlewomen; not one of us could go beyond the "Rule of Three," if, indeed, we could go that far! and I doubt very much if we could have told the difference between a microbe and a megatherium, or whether a polliwig and a plesiosaurus were identical, or the contrary.

Prue, who had been two terms at the Fairford academy, was the cleverest, as well as the youngest and prettiest of the three of us. She could play fairly well on the "instrument," as everybody in Torrington called the parlor organ, but her knowledge of music was too limited for her to think of taking pupils. Marian could sing "like the cherry-bims," to quote our neighbor and adviser, the deacon, but, although her voice was clear as a flute, and she could lead the singing at meeting, she scarcely knew the difference between a sharp and a flat. Teaching music, therefore, was no more the answer to the vexed question than was school-teaching or gardening.

Marian and Prue could do all sorts of plain and fancy sewing; they could make dresses, embroider impossible birds, and beasts, and flowers; they could net and knit, and crochet, but there was no demand in our village for Kensington monstrosities, or any kind of fancy work,—our village folk had yet to be "educated up" to aesthetic art,—and every family made its own gowns, and did its own knitting. As for my own accomplishments, it would have puzzled a civil service examiner to determine them. Like so many young women of my class I knew a little of many things, useful and otherwise, but not enough of any one thing to justify my teaching it to others. But we must do something or starve.

We would not separate unless we could not help it. One of our neighbors—a Eildad in petticoats—suggested that we rent or sell our house and "live out;" we couldn't bear the thought of parting with our father's home. Besides, the neighboring village of Fairford, with its lately discovered medicinal springs, had—so to speak—broken Torrington's nose; the city people, who, in former years, had sought the repose and quiet of our picturesque hills, had transferred their preferences, and their envy-inspiring toilets, to Fairford Springs, and real estate was not now in demand. For the same reason, "keeping boarders," that last resource of many impecunious householders, was not any more a remunerative occupation.

Matters had arrived at a serious crisis,—we were in the same unfortunate condition as the boy who was after the woodchuck,—the butcher's cart had not stopped at our gate for over three months, when, one day in early June, Marian announced her intention of applying to the proprietor of the Fairford Hotel for a situation as waitress. "Uncle Si. Higgins," as the worthy boniface was called by everybody in that region, was an old friend and schoolmate of father's. His memory had not been impaired by prosperity; the springs discovered on his land had not, as in many instances of sudden success, proved lethean waters, for he remained the same kind-hearted, genial "Uncle Si." of his less opulent days.

"A waitress? O, Marian," grasped out dainty Prue.

"Yes, my dear, a waitress, to the tune of three dollars a week, and an amplitude of goods things to eat," promptly retorted Marian.

"What will our folks say? By 'our folks' I mean the residents of Torrington."

"Whatever they please, as they generally do," independently responded the would-be waitress. "We are too poor, and I am too hungry for something besides baked beans, to care for anybody's opinion."

Prue, who had been in a brown study, here emerged from it to say:

"If Uncle Si. will give me a 'chance'—as they say around here—I, too, am ready to join the well-fed band of waitresses. The very thought of the flesh pots of the Fairford Hotel kitchen makes me ravenous."

Then I began: "Well, if you two are going, I don't see why I may not as well go with you," but Marian interrupted me.

"No, Beth, you must stop at home and take care of the house. Prue and I shall want to run over whenever we can get a spare moment, and we will always fetch you some of the goodies, depend upon it!"

So it was decided that they two should go to Fairford for the summer, and so sure were we that the momentous question was at last answered, that you may imagine Prue's and my own consternation and disappointment when Marian returned from Fairford and met our eager "Well, what success?" with the dampening "Uncle Si. don't need any more table girls; he engaged all his help for the summer last months.

She enjoyed our blank looks for a moment, then added: "But I have decided on something better than waiting at table. Come up to my room and I'll tell you all about it."

"Don't you want something to eat?" I asked with elder sisterly solicitude.

"Beans?" with a disdainful uplifting of her brows and a scornful curl of her red lips. "No, thank you! If you had seen the luscious chicken-pie, and the oysters, and the delicious"—

"Oh, stop!" interposed Prue from the head of the stairs, "Do you want to drive me mad? Tell us, instead, how you mean to rescue us from the bean slough."

"Well," began Marian, when we were comfortably seated in her room,—Prue and I on the bed and Mally in her low rocker,—"I went to the hotel, and when Uncle Si. told me he didn't need any more table girls—that's what he calls them—I felt as if our last hope was gone. He saw how disappointed I was, and said: 'I'll tell you, Mally, gal, what you'd ought to do; take in washin'.'"

"Washing?" in unison echoed Prue and I, our accent and expression indicating our disdain.

"Yes. Just wait, and you will view the occupation—profession if you prefer!—in a less scornful light." Here she stopped to take the pins from her hair, which fell in heavy, blue-black masses over her shoulders, and framed a face almost as lovely as Prue's. "Uncle Si.," she resumed, "says there isn't a laundress in Fairford that can 'do up the company's fixens,'" mimicing Uncle Si.'s nasal tone and manner of speech. "'Now, Mally, gal,' he said, 'I jes' seem to know how bad you want suthin' to do, an' I know thet you an' them sisters of yourn air jes' that persnickety 'bout your own clo'se,—why, you allus look jes's if you'd stepped out of a band-box. Now, why shouldn't you do up the company's fine frocks and things, I want to know? There's lots more money in washin' then in waitin' on the table, an' they both begin with a w,' he added with that funny twinkle in his left eye."

"If we lived in Fairford instead of Torrington, we might try washing," I said.

"'Your livin' in Torrington don't matter a mite,' said Uncle Si. 'Jared Hamar'll kerry the clo'se back'ard an for'ard in his mail coach, which you can pay him for doin'. The boarders pays handsome for laundry work, an' you can have all you'll want to do.' And so, sisters mine," concluded Mally, "I just decided at once that we would try it; we can't use our heads, let us be thankful that we are able to use our hands!"

"We shall become round-shouldered and humpbacked," moaned Prue. "Our own clothes are not hard to do, but to hang all day long, and every-day, over the wash-tub or the ironing-table—"

Marian's buoyant tones interrupted my objecting speech:

"I don't intend that we girls shall do anything but the finest ironing. After my conversation with Uncle Si. I drove on to West Fairford, and engaged Roxanna Haines and her sister Almira to help us with the laundry work. They were glad enough of the chance, for the lobster canning will cease next week. Roxy and her sister will do all the washing, we three can manage the ironing, and so, my dears, the vexed problem is solved. What does it signify how one earns one's bread, so it's honestly got? and washing clothes for the city boarders is quite as respectable as waiting on them."

"But the name; washer-women," sighed Prue, with a woe begone expression on her pretty face.

"Wash-ladies then, if that will suit you any better, or better still, flat-iron and fluting artists!"

The first basket of clothes sent over from the Fairford Hotel belonged to a wealthy family from New York. There were several dainty gowns among the lot, and we succeeded so well with them—they looked so pretty, great billows of misty muslin and lace, and they smelled so grassily fresh and sweet—that the delighted owners sent us, the very next day, six white gowns that were "yalla as a duck's foot," Roxy Haines said, to bleach and do up.

Those gowns established the reputation of the "Torrington Laundry," or "Pettigrew Washery," as Prue had dubbed our undertaking, and in less than three weeks we had as much work as the two able-bodied women, Roxy and her sister, could do.

And so the days passed, to the merry rub-a-dub of the wash-boards; from early morning until late afternoon, Prue and Marian and I wielded the flat and fluting irons, and with cheerful hearts, for we could be sure of enough money to see us comfortably through the winter, while our reputation as capable "wash-ladies" would bring us customers another year.

One day we were ironing away with a will at some things which had to be sent home that evening. We were singing,—or rather, Mally and Prue were, while I joined my croak to their melodious voices whenever I could catch the air,—for work seemed to go the easier and faster when there was music.

"Girls!" suddenly exclaimed Prue from her table by the window, "Girls, look here! do you suppose the owner of this lovely skirt could be any relation to that wretch who robbed the Coppleton bank?"

Before her question was concluded Mally and I were by her side, examining the dainty [illegible] garment.

"I wonder if this Briggs can be related to our Briggses?" mused Marian, passing her reddened finger over the indelible characters marked on the cambric.

"Not likely," I responded, going back to my fluting iron. "'Our Briggses,' as you call them, are all safely over the border, where the laws of the United States can't prevent their having a good time with their ill-gotten wealth."

"I didn't suppose it was any of that identical family," said Prue, "but I should like to know if they are any kin. Ugh! how warm it is.

From Greenland's icy mountains,'"

she began in her clear treble, to which Mally joined her seraphic notes, while I whistled the best alto I could muster.

When the things were ironed, Prue, who had heretofore studiously avoided being seen on the bleaching-ground, or anywhere near the clothes-baskets, surprised us by announcing that she was going to borrow Deacon Granby's buggy and drive with the clothes to Fairford.

"One of you can come with me, if you like," she said. "I dare say there will be room enough for two of us and the clothes-hamper."

But neither Marian nor I cared to take the long ride, so the child started off by herself, promising to return as quickly as it would be possible to urge old Debby, the rather indolent mare, over the eight miles of road between Torrington and Fairford.

It was eleven o'clock when we heard the sound of wheels, for which we had been listening most anxiously for more than an hour. We hurried to the gate, and looking down the long street which, in the bright moonlight, was almost as light as day, were surprised and alarmed to see the Deacon's buggy and *two* steeds,—Debby in the shafts and the second horse following closely behind the buggy.

"Something has happened," whispered Mally, with white lips, while my heart stood still with the fear and anxiety I felt for our darling.

"There are two persons in the buggy," again gasped Marian. "Oh! I wonder what has happened? Prue? Prue?" she called, opening the gate and running fleetly toward the approaching vehicle, "what is the matter? are you ill—hurt?"

"No, no, I'm all right, Mally—don't be alarmed," responded our darling's sweet tones, and the next minute the buggy drew up in front of the gate, and a young man, clad in riding dress, sprang to the ground and helped Prue to alight. "My sisters, Mr. Brandon," she said, waving her hand toward me and Marian, who were staring in amazement at the ap-

parition of the booted and spurred young gentleman standing, hat in hand, beside our pretty Prue.

He bowed politely, then said to Prue:

"Shan't I drive your horse to the stables, Miss Pettigrew?"

"Thanks, no," interposed Prue, "the team does not belong to us."

"Then let me take it home," courteously interrupted the young man.

"Oh, no; it is only a few steps across the street,—one of my sisters will take Debby to the barn," answered Prue, with evident embarrassment. "I am already too greatly indebted to you for coming home with me."

"Pray don't mention the trifling service," hastily returned Mr. Brandon. "I shall never forgive myself for the fright our reckless riding must have given you. You will allow me to call to-morrow to inquire how you are?"

"Not—not to-morrow," stammered Prue. The poor child remembered how busy we should be on the morrow with a great basketful of frills and furbelows to iron.

"Then Thursday?" he was beginning when Roxanna Haines and her sister, who had been waiting up to hear what had detained their favorite, came running from the house and unceremoniouly cut short the young man's urging.

"For goodness sake, tell a body what's happened to the child?" demanded Roxy.

"I shall call on Thursday," said Mr. Brandon, bowing to each of us in turn, then he mounted his horse and rode away.

"Well, Prudence Pettigrew, junior member of the 'Firm,'" with mock severity demanded Marian, "what do you mean by such conduct? Who is Mr. Brandon? where did you become acquainted with him, and why did he come home with you?"

"First take Debby home, then I'll tell you," answered the culprit, reluctantly withdrawing her gaze from the moonshiny street, along which resounded the clattering hoofs of the vanishing horse and his rider.

"Now proceed with your explanation," said Marian, when we were all gathered in the sitting-room, Roxanna and Almira as eager to hear as were Marian and I, the child's sisters.

"Well," began Prue, "I delivered the hamper to Uncle Si., and learned from him that the Juliet and Virginia Briggs, stopping at the hotel are related to the bank."

"To the bank?" laughingly queried Marian.

"You know what I mean," retorted Prue. "The young women are the nieces of Mr. John Briggs, the president of the defunct Coppleton bank, and, consequently, the cousins of the fugitive cashier. They are travelling with an aunt, who is a wealthy widow."

"Well, that is singular!" observed Marian.

"What is? that the aunt is wealthy, or a widow?" quizzically interrogated Prue whose face was beaming with a new light.

"No, that you should have guessed who the girls are. But you haven't told us about your knight errant."

"I was coming to that part of my adventure," responded Prue, blushing. "I was driving slowly along the cliff road, admiring the lovely moonlight effect among the trees, and never dreaming of meeting any one at that hour, when, suddenly, I heard a clattering of hoofs, and a hallooing that would have done credit to a band of wild Indians on the war path, and before I could turn Debby to one side of the road, to let the riders pass, they were on me, and over me, and Debby was so frightened she stood straight up on her hind legs and pawed the air like a wildcat."

"King-dom-come!" in a horrified tone ejaculated Roxy, "an' you wusn't killed dead?"

"No, but I came near going over the cliff," resumed Prue with a shudder. "When Debby got tired pawing the air she began to waltz, and backed so dangerously near the edge of the cliff that I jumped out of the buggy and fell on my arm—"

"An' broke it?" interrupted Almira.

"No, only bruised it considerably. I though at first that it was broken, it pained so dreadfully. One of the riders—there were five men and three young ladies—had jumped from his horse when Debby began her fandango, and he caught her just as the hind wheel was going over the edge of the cliff. How he managed to save the mare is a mystery to me. He must be very strong," she added as if to herself.

"Served the old hoss jes' right ef she had got her neck broke?—no business to take to dancin' jigs at sech a time!" muttered Roxanna.

"Guess you would hev stood up on your hind legs, too, an pawed like Debby, ef a pa'cel of ejets hed rid hollerin' all over you," in a tone of reproof responded Almira.

"I never did admire them circus-minded beasts," mumbled Roxy, while I was asking,

"What did they mean by making such a noise?"

"They were racing, and did not suppose any one would be on the road at that time of night."

"Ejets!" contemptuously ejaculated Almira, rising and lighting her lamp. "'Pears to me es them rusticators allus doos git plum crazy when they're turned loose in the kentry. Come on to bed, Roxanny: we've got right smart work to do 'fore sun up."

"Was Mr. Brandon the hero of Debby's rescue?" inquired Marian when Roxy and Almira were gone to bed.

"Yes,—he—he insisted on driving me home when he found that my arm was hurt. Just think, girls, it's my right arm," she added quickly, as if she desired to turn our thoughts from the hero of her adventure, "I am afraid I shall not be able to do my share of the ironing to-morrow.,'

"Never mind," returned Marian. "We are only too glad that the accident was not more serious."

"I wonder if he will call to-day?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grand Old Woman.

That Mr. Gladstone remains at 80 unshaken in health and in the fullness of his mental vigor is largely due to the life-long care and devotion of his wife. Little is heard of Mrs. Gladstone. She is not a society leader nor a political woman. Nominally she is the head of the Women's Liberal federation, but her politics consists of an intense admiration for her husband's program. Mrs. Gladstone has not been conspicuous in any department of life in which her husband has won honors, but she has played a more important part in his life-work than is generally known. It is in a great measure owing to her that he has been able to accomplish all the work associated with his name. She has always regarded her husband's work for the nation as of the first importance and has relieved him from all trouble about business or household affairs. She has shielded him from all the petty worries and frictions of life. Blessed herself with a perfect constitution and unbroken health she has looked after her husband's health with the skill of a professional nurse and the vigilance of a guardian angel. She has been a most devoted helpmate, and the ideal wife for a great man, says *Harper's Bazar*.

When Gladstone first met the lady, then Miss Glynne, who was to share with him the honor of his triumphs, he was a young member of parliament and one of the rising hopes of the Tory party. Miss Glynne belonged to an aristocratic Welsh family. Her father was Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden, Cheshire. Young Gladstone had no aristocratic connections. He was a son of a Scotch merchant settled in Liverpool. It was not the fashion in those days for the daughters of aristocratic families to marry any one bearing the taint of trade, and Miss Glynne's friends were anxious that she should choose a husband from the ranks of the nobility. Her own charms and beauty were considered sufficient to win her a marquis, a lord, or a duke. What first attracted Miss Glynne's attention to young Gladstone was a remark made by an English minister who sat beside her at a dinner party at which Mr. Gladstone was also present. "Mark that young man," said he; "he will yet be prime minister of England." Miss Glynne keenly scrutinized the handsome and expressive features of the young M. P., who sat opposite her, but it was not until the subsequent winter that he made her acquaintance in Italy. Perhaps this courtship in Italy may have something to do with Mr. Gladstone's fondness for that country and his frequent visits to it.

After his marriage Mr. Gladstone went to live in his father-in-law's house, Hawarden castle.

Mrs. Gladstone has been an ideal mother as well as an ideal wife. She nursed all her seven children herself. She looked after them from infancy, and cared for them in every way. The girls were educated by governesses, and the boys went to Eton, and then to Oxford. There were seven children—four sons and three daughters. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest, manages the Hawarden property for his father. Stephen Gladstone is rector of Hawarden church. Henry Gladstone has recently retired from parliament. Herbert, the youngest, is in parliament, and is regarded as a bright young man who is likely to make a name for himself. Two daughters have married Church of England clergymen, and the other, Helen Gladstone, helps her father with his correspondence. Except when Mr. Gladstone is in London attending to his parliamentary duties, the whole family live near each other at Hawarden.

Mrs. Gladstone often watches her husband at his favorite recreation— tree-felling—and goes on long walks with him. Both are excellent pedestrians, and believe in exercise in the open air. As already remarked, Mrs. Gladstone's first care is for her husband's health. She has been his best physician. She is now 77, and Gladstone is 80, and if either of them were to break down the work of the other would be finished. But the whole world rejoices that the sunset of the two honored lives is so glowing and peaceful.

Good Taste.

Good taste is a true economist. It may be practical on small means, and sweeten the lot of labor as well as of ease. It is all the more enjoyed, indeed, when associated with industry and the performance of duty. Even the lot of poverty is elevated by taste. It exhibits itself in the economies of the household; it gives brightness and grace to the humblest dwelling; it produces refinement, it engenders good will, and creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Thus good taste, associated with kindliness, sympathy, and intelligence, may elevate and adorn even the lowliest lot.

Hired Helps.

To the Editor of Ladies Journal.

I've heard a heep lately about hired helps, and how scarce they be, and folks appear to be surprised about it, but, for the life of me, I don't see nuthin' in it to wonder at. In the first place, helps—the best of 'em—don't hev too easy a time of it. Their wages are small as a general thing, and folks—the most of them—act as though they couldn't git work enough for their money. Some folks git on a good deal about girls goin' out as helps bein' better fur their health, and more respectable like than goin' out as sewin' girls. Well now, take fur instance a sewin' girl and a help, and see the difference in their lives. The sewin' girl don't, as a general thing, hev to git to her work before 8 o'clock in the mornin', while the help is considered lazy if she ain't at work by 6. The sewin' girl sets down and eats her meals in peace, while the help hes to snatch her meals when she can, put up with cold vittals, and jump up half a dozen times durin' the meal to wait on the young'uns or their mother. The sewin' girl hes her evenings to herself to go where she likes or rest, but work is hunted up for the help to do as soon as her tea dishes is cleared away, fur fear she might hev an hour to herself and so git sassy.

The sewin' girl hes her Sundays to herself, while a woman thinks she's doin' a mighty generous thing if she lets her help off for a few hours every Sunday. The sewin' girl knows that the more she works the more pay she'll git, while the help knows that no matter how hard she works she won't git any more pay for it—not even in the shape of thanks.

Now, is it any wonder that girls goes out to sewin' before sarvice? even if it ain't so good fur their hea'th. When wimmen larn how to treat their helps better there'll be more of 'em and better ones too. Let a help hev her regu'lar hours to work in and give her decent time to eat her meals in; it'll pay let me tell you. Let the young'uns be learned to speak to her proper when they want any thing, and not order her about as if she was their slave. It's my oponion young'uns ort to be as polite to their help as they are to their betters,—that is, if they're raised up right. Some folks appear to think its real smart to order their helps about like old boot and let their young'uns do the same. I can 'em they're makin' a mighty big mistake, and it sarves 'em right if they have a heep of trouble to git a help to stay with 'em. It don't hurt any young'un boy or girl, to wait on theirselves, and if they was all larned to do this, there would be no need of so many hired helps.

There's a good many things girls should do besides playing on the pianny; and a good many things boys should do besides dressin' up in stripped soots and ridin' one of them are two wheeled things and playin' cricket. Parents make a big mistake if they don't see that their children is learned what'll be of use to 'em when they grow up to be men and wimmen. Jinks says it ain't none of my biz'ness how folks raises their young'uns, and says I had'nt ort to write about such things. But I say, if we see folks goin' the wrong way in this world, its our dooty to set 'em right—id we can. And I often think Jinkses mother did'nt of much to speak of when she raised Jinks the way she did. Appears to me, if I'd been her, I coulo hev made a better job of it, and turned him out a little better able to wait on hisself. As it is I've did my best with him, but its hard to turn a man when he's old and set in his ways.

Well, I guess I've said enough on the subject this time, and will conclude by sayin' that if folks would treat their helps a leet le more like human critters they'd git them easier, and if they'd larn to wait on, themselves, they would't feel it so much of help was scarce.—*Jerusha Jinks.*

A Word of Advice.

Girls, there are more things in this world worth striving for than a husband. Very often the appellation "old wife," is harder to bear than "old maid." Do not make the great mistake of accepting the first offer just for the sake of being married and getting a home. If you do, you may be sure your sorest trials are to come. You will find to your cost there are worse things than living alone. There are many ways a woman can earn a comfortable living, and what is to hinder you from making a home for yourself, instead of waiting for some "rich man" to come along and condescend to offer you a home where you will ever feel the position of a dependent. It is all very fine to talk about girls learning to be good housekeepers so that they may make good wives for the men who will condescend to marry them, but they ought to know much more than that. They ought to know how to make their own living so that if the right one does not come along they will not be forced to marry for a home. See to it girls, be independent. Do not think of marrying any man unless you feel that you truly love and respect him, and have not the slightest doubt that your feelings are fully reciprocated and that you will be perfectly happy with him. If this be the case, accept him, and be happy, for there is no earthly happiness like that of a well chosen married life, but no misery can be compared to the wretched life of one who marries for any other motive than that of true love.—*Daisy Drew.*

The Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

For a dressy basque what is prettier than short, round, or square fronts in jacket form of velvet, plain goods covered with braiding, or a contrasting woolen goods edged with tiny grelots over a full front of surah, crepe, or the dress fabric pleated at the top to imitate a pointed yoke, and again at the waist-line in the form of a pointed girdle. The full sleeves may be slashed at the top to admit a pufling of the second material.

Round waists have one plain and one full front, the latter crossing the former at the waist line. Then add a row of vandyke points around the neck in the shape of a yoke, and cuffs to match on the leg o' mutton sleeves, and a very becoming waist appears. Another bodice is slightly pointed, back and front, with a fullness from the arm-size drawn to the centre of the waist-line under a long curved buckle, and the upper part turned over in revers matching the tiny V and collar. The sleeves are very full at the top and close at the wrists, with cuffs of the revers materials.

For theatre wear some pretty little short jackets are made in plush, velvet, or brocade, richly embroidered and trimmed with splendid Byzantine galloons in bullion or raised gold work. These jackets are red, heliotrope, mousse, or buttercup, cut short and square in front, edged with the galloon, and a profusion of grelots and drops in gold passementerie. They open over a gauze chemisette (either pink, lilac, green, or white) drawn or gathered, and forming four puffs, separated across with galloon bands; the back is covered with embroidery, and the sleeves are either velvet, or they match the chemisette.

Bows of ribbon, tulle, or lisse, arches of jet work, and puffs of material, all stand up at the top of sleeves. Some sleeves are composed of four or five puffs, about the size of sausage, looking like curls, well drawn up toward the top; others look as if they were composed of a lace or crepe de Chine pocket-handkerchief, with two corners knotted up on the shoulder, then allowed to fall down the inner side of the arm, and again caught together by the lower corners, and knotted on the outer side of the arm just above the elbow.

In the house fancy shirts are much worn with little cutaway coats. The coat may be navy or bright blue, brown or ruby, and is considered in good taste if worn with almost any skirt, and if not an unpleasant contrast of shade. With a black skirt and a blue coat, a light blue linen or silk shirt and tie can be worn. Sometimes there are gold buttons on the coat. The coat is made exactly like a man's cutaway coat, fastened across the chest by one button, with a turned-down collar and lapels. It is tight-fitting at the back.

Regular walking-skirts are quite a feature now for young ladies taking health walks, and are of sensible length, width, and material. Some are very plain, and look like a short habit, with jacket to match, sometimes open to show a white or checked waistcoat, or closed nearly to the throat, and displaying the neat collar and tie. All the fullness of the skirt is massed at the back, the front and sides being gored to sit as plain and flat as possible. This only suits a slim or quite girlish figure. The other style has gathers all round, mounted into the waistband, and is almost always worn with a silken or flannel shirt. These skirts average three and a half yards wide, and reach only to the ankles, or even a little above. Rough serge is much used for them, also the so-called "blanketing," which is rough in texture, but quite light in weight. This is usually in dark or light gray. With these walking-skirts, small sailor hats are usually worn, and also rather flat-heeled laced or buttoned boots, very high in the leg and thick in the soles.

An idea of drapery is given in the latest French plates by tiny panniers, a slight lifting of the sides and front, all of which points to the idea of more drapery, yet long effects, with the advent of thinner fabrics for summer wear. Bodices all have full fronts of some kind, and the jacket designs grow in favor. Full sleeves are greatly worn, especially the leg o' mutton shape in one piece, leaving off the huge, deep cuff that first appeared.

To the tea-gown it is difficult to do justice in a written description, and one especially is extraordinarily fanciful and brilliant. It is of the surprise order of attire—"as shines the moon in clouded skies," so its wearer might enter, swathed and draped in clinging folds of pale blue-gray Indian silk, wrapped round her in shawl fashion. Suddenly, with an upward movement of the arms, she would fling back the two long, soft, ample scarfs, fastened in at the shoulders, which compose the drapery, so that they should fall like a straight mantle behind to her feet, mingling with the rest of the full back, which is of the same blue-gray silk, and revealing in front the most gorgeous garments imaginable—a rendering of Japanese embroidery, flowers and clouds and butterflies, wrought by a Parisian artist, on a backgound of black satin, in gold and silver and all manner of lovely colors, pearl and azure and amethyst, and cut at the throat so as to show to the waist a glimpse of the soft whiteness of a blouse or skirt of lisse, while from beneath bell sleeves of the embroidered satin peep bishop sleeves of the white lisse. A bridesmaid's dress, to be converted at will into a ball-dress, is composed of soie de Chine of a delicate heliotrope tint, with white revers. The front of the skirt of heliotrope, drapes gracefully on the right side over a white panel covered with a sash of heliotrope crepe, wide and drawn to a point with tassels, and draped at the back in butterfly folds. The bodice of the heliotrope crepe is made high, and in the Empire shape, and and draped in front with soft folds of the white crepe; bows and ends on the shoulders; coat sleeves with white cuffs. By removing the heliotrope handkerchief vest and long sleeves this costume can be converted into an evening dress, and is so light-looking it may be worn at a ball.

Nothing is more refined for an elderly matron's best dress than a black armure or gray faille, trimmed with lace pleating around the neck, sleeves and down the front as a jabot. Sometimes the basque is left plain, and either a white or black lace scarf draped to form a loose plastron, with lace to correspond basted in the sleeves. The pansy shades, in vogue once more, are charming on women past their middle bloom as well as their first freshness.

Princesse back and fichu or surplice fronts over a sightly draped skirt front abound in the spring styles. Others have the entire front and sleeves of a second fabric. The newest India silks have full gathered backs, shirred sides, draped fronts leg-o'-mutton sleeves, a knife-pleating turned down from a high collar, back at the wrists, and on the edge of the full bodice, which is full from both shoulders or only one, full from the arm-sizes, or only full from not having darts, with the material there taken up in tiny pleats. The bodice is pointed, back and front, and outlined with ribbon folded, and ending under a rosette on one side.

A charming afternoon gown is of porcelain blue surah, having an almost plain front, two box-pleats on each side, and a gathered back, with a border of black velvet all around the foot of the skirt below a row of black lace vandykes pointing up. Down the centre of each pleat run two rows of the lace, with the points meeting in the centre, and on the straight edges are bands of velvet about two inches wide, which still leave enough of the pleat exposed to show what it is. The round bodice is without darts, and gathered in the middle, front and back, of the waist-line; leg-o'-mutton sleeves, with a velvet band and three vandykes of lace on each wrist. The collar is of velvet, with vandykes set around, pointing down, like a yoke; belt of velvet, shaped in a girdle point in front.

Home-made candies are not only superior to the cheap mixtures sold by the grocers, but cheaper as well. Excellent cream taffy can be made as follows: Three cups of granulated sugar, half a cup of vinegar, half a cup of water, butter the size of a walnut. Boil without stirring until it will candy when dropped in cold water. Flavor, and pour out on a buttered dish. When cool, pull till white, then cut up in sticks with sharp scissors.

JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

The ground of all great thoughts is sadness.—[Bailey.

The dead man is wise, but he is silent.—[Alexander Smith.

The deeper the sorrow the less tongue it has.—[Talmud.

Satiety always follows close the greatest pleasure.—[Cicero.

With women tears are oftentime only moistened joy.—[Boufflers.

We grow tired of ourselves, much more of other people.—[Hazlitt.

The hand of Law strikes the poor; its shadow strikes the wealthy.—[Landor.

Mistaking taste for genius is the rock upon which thousands split.—[J. T. Headley.

Unliness after virtue is the best guardian of a young woman.—[Mme. de Genlis.

Would that experience had a soul which remembered the tears it has cost.—[Jules Sandeau.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—[Goldsmith.

Men are probably nearer to essential truth in their superstitions than in their science.—[Thoreau.

There are two things in a man's life women never pardon: sleep and business.—Alphonse Karr.

When man is not properly trained he is the most savage animal on the face of the globe.—[Plato.

Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.—[Burton.

There are four varieties in society,—the lovers, the ambitious, observers and fools. The fools are happiest.—[Taine.

The worst "might have beens" are those that we ourselves have thrust aside, or changed, orpassed unheeded.—[Mrs. Whitney.

Some people believe they are intimately acquainted with the bird, because they have seen the egg from which he was hatched.—[Heine.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—[James Russell Lowell.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.—[Richter.

It is necessary to love one's friends as true amateurs love pictures; they fix their eyes upon the good points and see nothing else.—[Mme. d'Epinay.

Be assured that when once a woman begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.—[Livy.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to friends of the parties, than by printing them.—[Richard Brinley Sheridan.

The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.—[Thackeray.

A Caution.

Why must women always jump to the most torturing conclusions where the one they love best is concerned? In most matters, in fact, are they not inclined to form conclusions too hastily? The most matter-of-fact seem to possess a little superstition—just enough to make them convince themselves that there must be something in the convictions that haunt them. Common sense urges them to put them aside, but jealous fears bring them back again, and superstition whispers that it is because they are founded on truth, and that it is only right to search for every item of proof. Then, oh, how much of it speedily presents itself! When one begins to look for it, it arises on every side, and life is made a burden by it.

In these days there is so much said of unfaithful and unjust and tyrannical husbands, that it can not but have made an impression on the minds of women who really have little to complain of, and made it easier for them to doubt the husbands who are really trying to do the best they can. The habit of complaining and fault-finding may become as infectious and appalling as any poisonous epidemic, if effort is not made to check its first advance. It steals upon its victim quite as stealthily, and does its work so subtly that she does not realize the necessity of fighting against it.

It is a fact that many wives have themselves to blame for their husband's misdemeanors; it is also a fact that many, whose lives are blameless, have to suffer and to live when death would be preferable; and it is well known that a very large class of women are unhappy because they are trying to climb a mountain of trouble which exists only in their imagination.

It is the aim of the JOURNAL to be a comfort to those who are really in trouble, but like anyone who offers help and sympathy, it does not like to be imposed upon. It asks of its readers, not that they refrain from making known their troubles, but that they hesitate before doing so long enough to make sure that they have real grievances and are not victims to the prevailing and altogether too fashionable epidemic—"Complaint of one's husband!"

The Mother Joy.

Sitting at her sewing,
My little lady sighs!
Her shining needle going
So fast, it fairly flies—
Can no'er upstrip the fancies
With which fond Hope entrances
Her soul and lights her eyes.

Every little tender
Soft tracery, that's wrought
By those dear, dainty, slender,
Fair fingers, seems a thought.
Ah, love thro' all her art goes
Some tendril from heart goes
With every stitch that's caught!

Sighing, not for sadness,
Ah, no, she is not sad!
My lady sighs for gladness,
Ah, me, she is half mad
With joy! And yet dim fears, too,
Look up, as she draws near to
The day that makes her glad!

In some happy hour,
On that so happy breast,
Oh, will there bloom a flower?
Oh, will there come a guest
Straight down to her from heaven?
Oh, will a bird, God-given,
Come winging to that nest?

THE BEAUTIFUL CLAUDINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Along the dusty highway, still brilliant with the setting sun, the evening mail man passed in a jolting rumble of wheels from his ancient carriole and a ringing of hoofs from his meagre mare. Then it was that Claudine, the "beautiful Claudine," as the villagers called her, showed herself on the sill of her little white cottage, her hand above her eyes, her elbow elevated, permitting you to see in the shadow of the armpit a drop of moisture, red as blood, from the fading of an undergarment. She stood there silent and motionless, like a picture in lighter tints against the darker background of the chamber, but with a joyous expectancy dawning in her eyes, a swelling movement of her ample breast, a quick pulsing of the blood under the golden brown skin, the full red lips parted above the whiteness of the dazzling teeth.

Far away over the peaks the sun was sinking to rest, its last rays climbing slowly from horn to horn of the wooded hills, lighting up the sombre verdure of the oaks with points of brilliancy, quivering like flame against the blue horizon and enveloping, as with a parting caress, the rounded summit of a naked hill, whose long slopes ended at the turning of the road that stretched into the shadow, a strip of dull grayness, soft as a ribbon.

From among this chain of hills, extending as far as the eye could reach in the gathering evening light, rose the deep and sonorous cry of the carters, urging on their beasts, engaged in hauling the stone from mammoth quarries which gnawed out the heart of these same peaks, still touched at the crest by the dying sun. Broad immense galleries, these quarries of —,stretching for miles through the bowels of the earth, supported by pillars, left in the stratum of stone and looking like a buried city suddenly disinterred. It was here in this labyrinth that Claudine's thoughts were roving, in search of her man.

In her mind she saw him plainly, this toiling quarryman, young and handsome as herself, perched aloft on a frail scaffolding and working at the quarry's roof in the tremulous light of lanterns like twinkling stars, the montonous chink, chink of the hammers repeated by the drip, drip of the subterranean waters. But now, since the evening postman has gone by, Claudine knew that the day's work was ended, her man descending with others and arranging his tools —quickly, too, thinking of her and impatient for her kisses. Even now he was on his way through those gloomy corridors where the carts and wagons had hollowed great ruts in the mud.

In fact, some of the men, in gaudy belts and with coats thrown over their shoulders, had begun to appear, climbing briskly the steep white road, their voices mounting higher and higher, like the waves of sunlight, and rough and rude as the country. The file steadily increased and grew longer; and one by one Claudine recognized the pallid faces, the features doubly distinct through the whitening of the powdered stone—her man had not come yet. All at once, even whilst she rummaged with her gaze the fast crowding pathways and the groups on the hill itself, a column of dirt and debris leaped high in the air, followed instantly through the valley by a crash like thunder. The quarry had blown up. And Claudine lay senseless on the ground.

Under the gutted earth, covered with crumbled houses, cracked and crashed as by a monstrous hammer, deep in the black and inaccessible depths of the buried galleries, fifty or more of the quarrymen were buried also, despairing, hopeless of rescue, dying perhaps, if not already dead. At the point where the engineers worked with heart and soul to pierce an entombed gallery, Claudine knelt beside them, eager, heart-sick, refusing to stir a step and still awaiting her man.

Foreightdays she remained there unable to believe in the disaster, unable to be consoled, her burning eyes stubbornly riveted upon the opening, little by little growing larger. But these efforts provoked new crumblings—the waters flooded the passages, the work had to be stopped Then and not till then did she climb the hill to the place where the men who had escaped the disaster strained at the pumps. Kneeling by them now she regarded the monstrous piston rising and falling with a mechanical, continuous movement, whose dull shocks at regular intervals lulled and soothed her with the sweetness of hope.

But soon the pumps, too, gave out, choked, doubtless, with the rubbish that refused to flow. The rescuers, white, haggard, helpless, sorrowfully disbanded and turned away. Claudine remained alone by the ravaged earth, the abortive, abandoned work crushed, inert, feeling stir in her anguished soul but a single desire—to be herself at rest.

"Claudine!" murmured a voice at her ear.

She raised her eyes. It was a quarryman by the name of Pierre, whom she had noticed toiling with the others. She saw his blistered hands, the soil on his clothes, and suddenly without a word, before the pitying sorrow of his gaze, burst into a storm of tears.

As for Pierre, he, too, found no word to say, but sitting beside her allowed her to cry on, stroking her hand tenderly at every sob, an answering grief dimming his own eyes. Gradually as she grew calmer Claudine knew that Pierre was talking to her of things whose sense still escaped her, but whose soft, soothing monotone quieted her to the docility of a child. She listlessly permitted him to draw her with him, scarcely conscious of what he did, whilst he with the gentle, solicitous care that one shows to a sick mind and fancy coaxed and persuaded her homeward, as from time to time she stopped with long sighs and renewed tears.

The long days passed; the imprisoned men were lost, unfindable, dead, they declared, crushed by falling rocks or thrown out by the enormous force of the air from the crumbled caverns.

To hear this was a relief to Claudine's strained nerves and senses; they were not tortured at least, and in the long unoccupied hours when they talked and speculated thus she listened sadly and in silence, but finding a certain pleasure in this envelopment of neighborly pity.

She seemed to herself to be awakening from a long sleep, to be returning from a distant journey; at the same time, though unconscious of it at first, the exigencies of the present and of the coming life began to present themselves to her mind. She had her life to take up again and, perhaps—with a progressive growing of a slow fear—to take it up with want and solicitude added.

She began to feel more interest in the things about her: in the success, above all, of the subscriptions to be raised to alleviate the disaster, and she felt a great peace, almost a joy, the day when Pierre returned from the adjacent city to tell her that the widows were truly to be cared for—that she was down for six hundred francs.

Then without occupation and in the patient waiting for the relief to come she every day returned to the quarry. Frequently Pierre accompanied her, always with his gentle courtesy, and there they talked together in lowered tones as if respecting a tomb. In these visits as to a cemetery, through the melancholy of the thick woods to the eternal stirring of the same thoughts, the tears of Claudine by degrees ceased to flow. They arrived soon at talking freely, then at reveries, walking slowly, picturing, perhaps, the awakening of new possibilities. The weight seemed to lift from the breast of the young woman, the horizon so long closed about her to widen and open, and in the trembling dawn of the rising future there was a new, an indefinable charm, growing and deepening in these mutual silences. Sorrow had run itself out and as the spring sap mounts in the fibres of the tree trunks, a new love—of which as yet they did not speak out of deference to this tomb before which they wandered and which had brought them together—grew with the passing moments.

"Claudine," said Pierre at last, "why should we not marry each other?"

"It is not two months yet," she answered, suddenly saddened.

"I know that, but I would not hurry you. I spoke to be in time. What say you, Claudine? Yes or no?"

"Yes," sighed she, "later on."

It was then an understood thing between them and on which their thoughts rested more and more; yielding to the dead but a friendly memory, a tender gratitude. They began to lay plans in these daily strollings with the manner of frank lovers and ere long on that crumbled hill, amidst an entanglement of vines and blossoms, smiles took the place of the flowing tears, kisses the place of the smiles.

It was close to evening; Claudine and Pierre as usual rambled among the stones of the quarry. There in the gray half light and in the slow dull stirring of peasant natures, they regarded through the trees below them the silvery shimmering of the brook, further on the windings of the white road and the stormy hills which spread themselves out and shut them in like a giant circle. All at once a singular sound arrested their footsteps. It was in the soil beneath them, the scratching or moving of some beast, doubtless, at the end of his hole. They bent above the crevasse by which they stood; there the sound was plainer, more distinct, like the despairing struggle of something in a narrow place, the rattling volley of rolling debris. A strange, sudden terror rooted them motionless, then at the same moment the same thought came to both; the quarrymen inclosed in their living tomb were not all dead; some one was mining through the mountain.

And from the depths now came a feeble call, faint, smothered, scarcely more than a gasping sigh.

"It is—it is he!" breathed Claudine, her knees knocking together.

Pierre leaped to his feet, livid also. He! The dead, already so far away, already lost in the gulf of irremediable things! This return was for him, Pierre, a shattered love, a broken future, that smiling, beautiful future over which the 600 francs of his Claudine spread a radiance like the sparkle of a fortune!

What right had he to return, this dead man, whose face no longer appeared to him irradiated with friendliness and grateful memories, but as a menacing spectre erecting itself from a crumbled dream?

Meanwhile a new call came from the depths, in which one plainly read the torture of that imprisoned wretch, trapped under the earth for two long months, supporting life on roots and water, groveling in blackest night, but stimulated, urged to the battle for existence by the perfume of the sunny woods that doubtless reached him through the crevices of the crevasse.

Pierre uttered a responsive cry and threw himself backward, the prey of a poignant struggle. But the call came again—lamentable, sinister, pleading; he could bear it no longer; a wave of pity flooded his soul.

"Wait!" he cried; "wait but a little; I will run; I will return at once with a cord; the hole is just big enough; wait, wait!"

And Pierre, without a single word or a glance at Claudine—did he fear that his purpose would fail him?—took the hill at a mad run.

Left alone—with him—Claudine's eyes clung as if glued to a heavy boulder that overhung the edge of the crevasse; yes the very edge, poised like a bird ready to spring. She trembled convulsively; a breath almost would detach that stone, would send it crashing to the bottom of that flume whence came that wailing moan; the cry of a man for succor.

God in heaven! Her man!

Swiftly as Pierre had leaped she, Claudine, now leaped; but how she staggered, how her legs bent under her as if she were drunk! But no matter: she must reach that boulder; she had reached it—it stirred, turned, engulfed itself in the hole. There was a thud, a strangled cry, then silence; soundless as the quarried stone.

Silence and solitude both, for Pierre had not had time to return from his errand of mercy, and Claudine —with clasped hands and eagerly listening ears— Claudine was now in truth—alone.

The Beauty of the Matron.

The notion still held by certain shallow women that maturity is ugliness is one of the most incomprehensible pieces of nonsense of the time. Here is a fair muddler in one of our contemporaries complimenting Mme. Albani on having overcome her matronliness and on the renewed girlishness of her appearance. From this I should judge that women who live on public exhibition fear nothing so much as development. If they can only stay all their lives in a limping and glutinous sweetness and not grow, they are satisfied. To get on in appearance, or in character, or in strength is a calamity. In this extraordinary view of things a green coddling is better than a ripe pippin. Women who exhibit themselves have only one standard of merit—and that is youth. Poor creatures, they do not know that the pretty girl ought to become the handsome woman, and never reaches her full splendor until she is a matron. They cannot comprehend the fact that fixed beauty has no existence except in death, and even then only when the embalmer has put in his work. The law of beauty in life is the law of development and attainment, and the beauty of a matron and the beauty of a miss differ from each other as one star differs from another in glory—and, curiously enough, the older the star the more beautiful it becomes.

Women who think of nothing but how they shall stay young, are women of characterless minds. All things considered, the greatest woman is she who can grow old gloriously, and defy time with something better than enamel. But your woman who is professionally on exhibition has got to bring to the market what the public most *desires*. And it is a patent fact that the mob would rather look at the pastryness of youth than at the perfection of personality. It is this popular instinct that makes exhibiting women starve themselves, enamel themselves, prism themselves, restrict their functions, suppress their minds, and crucify their bodies.

Since the Baby Died.

The house has been so strangely still
Since the baby died,
The birds no longer seem to trill
Since the baby died,
The sunshine's gone and shades of gloom
Lurk in the corners of the room;
The roses have a fainter bloom
Since the baby died.

The stars seem brighter than before
Since the baby died,
We're nearer to the other shore
Since the baby died.
"Not in his anger, but in love,"
Not as an exile, but a dove,
There's less to care and more above
Since the baby died.

A Good Dinner That Was Got Up for Twenty Cents.

"There now!" exclaimed young Mrs. Dean, as she came back into her sitting-room after paying an expressman at the door, "I *am* caught this time. It cost me $1 to pay expressage on Will's books and I have only 20 cents left."

"That is better than 20 cents short," said her friend Lotty, who had come to spend the day with her.

"Oh, but you don't understand, my dear!" Mrs. Dean went on with a little dismayed laugh. "That dollar means dinner. I was going to get such a sumptuous big porterhouse steak. Will told me to. And we always pay cash; that's one of our rules. So now there's nothing for dinner!"

"Never mind the porterhouse," said Lotty, very calmly.

"But I don't want to boil corn-beef to-day, and that's all the meat I have in the house. If Will's office wasn't so far away I'd go right down there and get some money!"

"Ella Dean!" exclaimed Lotty, with sudden interest: "I recognize an opportunity? Do let me go into your kitchen with you and help you get dinner? It will seem like old times, when you and I used to make molasses candy and fry doughnuts at Aunt Ruth's house."

"But what shall we cook?" asked Mrs. Dean, dubiously.

"That's the very point! You know my cousin Jean. She has joined a cooking class and I went to visit it last week. They cooked four or five different things in that one lesson, and the meat-dish was so good and appetizing I have been wanting to try it ever since, but I can't, you know, because we are boarding."

"But remember the 20 cents!" urged Mrs. Dean.

"That's just what I do remember. The kind of meat we want isn't more than 8 cents or 10 cents a pound. You run out and get it, dear—all you can get for 20 cents. Tell the man to give you mutton from the best part of the neck, and have him cut it up in pieces two or three inches long."

So Mrs. Dean sallied out with her 20 cents, says the *Youth's Companion*, and got two and one-half pounds of mutton with the money.

Lotty placed this meat in a saucepan on the stove to brown, and quickly peeled and chopped an onion to add to it. A savory odor soon began to fill the kitchen.

"Oh! isn't that going to be good!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, delightedly.

Meanwhile Lotty cut up a turnip and a carrot into dice-shaped pieces and put them to boil in a little pan by themselves for a while.

"Those cooking teachers are so nice," she said, as she did this. "Do you see how much smaller I cut the carrot than I did the turnip? The pieces are not more than half the size. The teacher said that carrots take longer than turnips to cook tender, but by cutting the dice smaller it brings them out even."

She presently added the vegetables, now partly done, to the mutton, which, when browned, had been put with boiling water to simmer in a kettle, and seasoned the whole with a little salt and pepper.

"There," she said, "now it has only to cook till the meat is tender, and my work is all done."

"It's going to be an easy dinner," said Mrs. Dean. "I have potatoes to boil, and tomatoes to cook. My dessert is already prepared, the table is set, and you have made my heart light with your wonderful mutton stew."

"Maybe it's just a stew," said Lotty, demurely, "but in the cooking class they call it 'Haricot mutton.'"

When Will Dean came home he found two bright faces awaiting him, and also an excellent dinner. They laughed together over the story of the 20 cents, and all agreed that they were glad the expressman took the dollar.

Lotty afterwards wrote out the recipe in full for her friend as it was given to the class:

"Haricot Mutton.—Fry two pounds mutton (from the best part of the neck) in drippings, having first cut the mutton into pieces two or three inches long and rather thick. Add one onion, chopped fine, and brown it with the meat. Put it in a stew-pan when brown, and add as much boiling water as you wish for gravy. Let it simmer while you prepare one turnip and one carrot. Cut them in small pieces, and parboil in boiling water ten minutes. Then add to the mutton, and let all simmer half an hour or until tender. Season to taste. Put the meat in the center of the platter, vegetables around it, and pour the gravy over."

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same handwriting in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is sent. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 30c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small [illegible] Knitting Machines, $1.00; [illegible]

Female Detectives.

The woman detective is a living, moving reality in England, though she has not as yet gone into fiction as a stock character. A few week ago one of the leading "private inquiry" officers advertised for a lady to undertake some detective work, according to the *St James' Gazette*, and received no less than seventy answers. Of course a majority of these volunteers came from that class of restless women who would undertake a trip around the world, the management of a temperance crusade, or accept the nomination for the mayoralty with equal alacrity, but the employment of women detectives in the private inquiry office is made a special feature. "Diplomacy," says the late superintendent at Scotland Yard, where three women detectives are regularly employed in the convict department, "always recognizes a woman's skill, and detective work is only another branch of diplomatic service."

It is, however, a curious fact that women are rarely employed in divorce or breach-of-promise cases, though for inquires concerned with intricate domestic relations they are almost always selected. A Nottingham firm who had reason to believe that their novelties in design were shown to a rival house employed a woman from London, who came down and worked at the looms until she discovered the culprit. A manufactory in London employs a woman detective constantly for no other purpose than to be on frendly terms with all the officials through whose hands money has to pass, in order to report on the style of living and class of society which they affect; and in yet another instance the inventors of a patent article, fearing that their patent was being infringed upon, secured the clever services of a woman to detect the offender.

Among this peculiar class of bread winners is a Russian princess, whose services are in constant requisition when it is thought that bogus companies are being formed or swindling is being carried on over commercial transactions. A lady who took a high degree at Cambridge is on the staff of one firm in London, and her reason for adopting a calling not usually associated with university honors is an anxiety to see more of human nature than can be acquired from books. Many people fancy that the work done by women detectives is of the dirtiest and basest kind, but it does not necessarily follow.

The women who are employed in Scotland Yard were appointed to visit women criminals who, during their ticket-of-leave period, were formerly under the sometimes unjust supervising inspection of police officers, which was deemed detrimental to the women. The women detectives wear no distinctive uniform, and make their calls without attracting any disagreeable attention to the women prisoners who are endeavoring to live better lives. The mere watching and shadowing people is a branch of the art despised by all the fair followers of M. Lecoq. They like finesse and the more complicated transactions, and if a will be in dispute, if there be suspicions of misappropriated money, or a shop-keeping firm be desirous of knowing how its employes spend their earnings, or an anoymous letter is to be traced to its origin, the woman detective delights in the mystery, the secrecy and diplomacy of the discovery.

The Preferred Veil for Women.

The veil has always been an important adjunct to the toilette of a woman, and just now, when lovely woman stoops to folly and looks upon the rouge when it is red, the strip of illusion becomes more than ever a necessity. A veil is a coquetry to a pretty girl, a charity to an ugly one. All the fashion writers to the contrary, the veils with big spots on are not fashionable. In the first place, they are not becoming, for the huge black spots make you look utterly without a complexion, and because of their closeness to the eyes give them a wandering look which is anything but piquant. One's eyes should show plainly through a veil, the duty of which may be to tone down the complexion, but she is never to do anything but intensify the brightness of the eyes. The preferred veil is a strip of plain, very fine tulle, either in black, brown, dark scarlet, or a shade that is between a gray and a green. If you want a becoming black veil, however, do not take a plain one, as it will make you look older and bring out every wrinkle, but choose instead one with tiny dots that are far apart. Wear your veil below your nose and not in such a way that it is supposed to hold a bang in place. And do keep the edges trimmed, for when they are ragged or frayed they can make you look horribly untidy.

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information valuable and instructive for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. [illegible] Montreal.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Ladies as Servants.

It is so often said that the plan of engaging ladies as domestic servants does not succeed, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that it is satisfactory to hear at least of one case where the plan has been tried most satisfactorily by a lady who has a domestic establishment both in London and in the country.

The eternal servant question cropping up in a recent conversation with this lady (writes a lady representative), I asked her how the plan of employing educated women of the upper classes as servants had answered. "It has been entirely successful," was the reply "and my servants are now always ladies. I have one, a housemaid, a charming girl, who is the daughter of a medical man, and all of whose male relatives are professional men, and who does her work as thoroughly and as well as any ordinary servant could be expected to do it."

"Then you do not find that after the glamor of novelty is worn off a lady servant begins to find it rather unpleasant to do menial work?" "Not in the least. If they are real ladies (and it is, of course, only in cases where they are that it can succeed), they will know that menial work does not lower them. Of course, I try to avoid giving them so-called 'dirty' work as much as possible. For instance, blacking grates is very unpleasant work, and very ungrateful work, too, for the result is never lasting and never particularly effective. I, therefore, have only grates decorated with tiles as much as possible, and with the smallest part of ironwork requiring blacking. Again, in order to avoid scrubbing, I have the floors covered with a material which only requires wiping. A great many arrangements can be made in this way to make housework less hard and unpleasant, and if we, the mistresses, would only spend a little more thought on these matters I am sure there would be fewer complaints from and about servants.

"At the same time," the lady went on, "I always insist on my servants fulfilling every duty they have undertaken to perform. If they engage to black my boots they have to do it, and do it regularly and well. But this does not prevent me from having them in my drawing-room after dinner and playing a game of whist or any other game with them. Their lives are, even under the most favorable circumstances, rather monotonous, and when we can put a little color and brightness into them I think it is our duty to do it."

"Then, do they take their meals with you, too?" "No; as a rule I find that they prefer to take their meals together separately, and as they have to cook and serve the meals this is a more convenient arrangement. But otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment."

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My Customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

"What we need," said the leader of the church choir quartette, "is a change of bass."

Pope & Bitlau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, write: "We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the customer and pleasure to the seller as *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for Diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success."

THE WINNERS

— IN THE —

Ladies' Journal Competition,

No. 25.

CLOSED 31ST. MARCH.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes as specified. They may be had on application to this office. See notice to winners following this list of names. The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE?

The answers are—Deep, Genesis first chapter and second verse; High, Genesis seventh chapter and nineteenth verse; Wide, Deuteronomy fifteenth chapter and eighth verse.

If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition:

FIRST REWARDS.

First One Fine Upright Piano. Ella Whancey, Petrolia. Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine. 1 Thirza Spencer, 367 Hill St London; 2 Mable Gould, Bartonville; 3 Mrs H O'Connor, Thames St Ingersall. Next five, each a Ladies Fine Gold Watch $50. 1 Jessie Schram, 132 McNab St Hamilton; 2 Miss Jennie Paton, 186 Sackville St Toronto; 3 C G Hooper, Woodhill; 4 Mrs A D Ellis, Simcoe; 5 Laura Unquhar, Stouffville Ont; Next three, each a fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) Daniel Atkinson, West Toronto Junction; Minnie Holding, 202 William St Kingston; Mrs. W Thavis, Grimsby; next twenty-one, each a set of Dicken's Workg beautifully bound in Cloth. 10 vols. 1 Chas E Johnston, cor King andd Rectory; 2 Mrs Edward Manigault; 3 Mrs C E Madgell, 57 Cannon St Hamilton; 4 Wilhelmina Porteous, Parstay; 5 Enas Marr, Forks Road; 6 Mrs G J Haslett, 325 Euclid ave Toronto; 7Mrs J Sashplant, 614 Wellington st London; 8 Charlotte Dullon, 6 Oxford st London; 9 Bella Hutton 226 Macauley Hamilton; 10 Isabella Wyall; Strathroy 11 F W Raymond 296 Princess st London; 12 Mrs J H Land 408 Barton st Hamilton; 13 Fred W Gibson, Greenwood; 14 Miss M E Hazared, Bellevelle; 15 Lila Scott, Hambeth; 16 Maggie Duke, Mono Mills; 17 Mr Wm Carver, Ancaster; 18 Leth Summer, Ridgetown; 19 Mrs Wm H White, Whitby; 20 Maud German, Trenton; 21 Mrs H Austry. Port Dover; Next five, an elegant China Dinner service of 101 pieces by Powell, Bishop and Stonier, Harnley, England. 1 James Dudley, 221 Seaton St Toronto 2 D C Mellerhouse, Druggist 25 Huron St Toronto; 3Sophia Lock, Stouffville; 4 James Merrill, Whitby; 5 Arthur Langhton Cannington. Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40 1 Kate Sutherland, 40 Wellingon St. Hamilton; 2 Mrs G Gallow, 398 Parliment St Toronto; Mrs Wm Smndett, Pelerbord; 4 Annie Gothwaite, Port Hope; 5 J W, Smith, Fort Erie. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols. 1 Miss Mitchell, 200 Chestnut St City; 2 Albert G Atkson, West Toronto Jct; 3 Ed Dodd Clark, St London; 4 Emma Allison, Newark; 5 W Dawson, Gravenhurst 6 Mrs J H Scarf Paris; 7 E Scarf Cannington; 8 Geo Johnston, Gravenhurst; 9 Laura Lruay, Kingsville 10 May Williams, Chatsworth; 11 Annie Gaul, 109 Lansdown Ave Parkdale City; 12 Mrs. R W Campbell. 307 Jackson; 13 Mrs J H Dunn, Oaca; 14 Mrs Mos Smith, Acton W; 15 Annie Kingston, Noaford; 16 Mary Anderson, Yarkmouth; 17 Jas Scott, Milton W. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Dord Bible Gallery 1 E Worthington, 106 Clremont St City; 2 Mrs J A Martin, 27 Wellington St Ham; 3 Bertha J Williams, 367 Hill St London; 4 Mary E Goulding, Bus; 5 Nellie Wright, Erie; 6 Annie McArthur Aurora; 7 Mary McGibbon, Woodstock; 8 Sarah Campaign, 166 Oak Ave Ham; 9 Wm Taylor, Arthur; 10 Mrs S Francis, Thornhill; 11 Wm T Robb Dunnvill; 12 W G Glenn, Woodham; 13 Nrs Thos Devoy; 679 William St London; 14 Arthur Smith Peterbord; 15 W E Hatzlelton, Times Pty Co 16 Mrs Arthur Smith, Stonfill; 17 M Cartwright, 250 Victoria St City; 18 Lizzie A Boyle, London. Next One Very Fine Ooped Upright Piano. C W Campbell, St Catherines Ontario; Next five each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch: 1 Mrs C Ryckman, Newbury; 2 Mrs Tom Morden, Dundas; 3 Alex H Dickey, Kingston; 4 Mrs A Pherrill, Scarboro' Jct; 5 Sara Cobean, Chatsworth. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring: 1 Mrs R T Smith. 250 Mary St Ham; 2 Mrs H H Nelles, London S; 3 Michael Jackson, scarboro'; 4 Jos Hopkins, 246 Mary St Ham; 5 Mrs Low, 376 Spadina Ave city; 6 Mrs M A Hopkins, 246 Mary St Ham; 7 Chas Smith, 250 Mary St Ham; 8 Ella Barnes, 9 Montague Place City; 9 Mrs D McIntyre, Seaforth; 10 John W Merrill, Brandon Man; 11 Annie Bliss, Brandon Man; 12 Mrs John McCarthy, Clandeboye; 13 Mary Lindsay, Oakvillve; 14 Mary Patterson, Milton; 15 Mrs E Simpson, Lucan. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing:" 1 Georgia Garrin, 43 Morin St Hamilton; 2 Ed Washington, 108 Claremont St; 3 Michael Murray, Whitby; 4 Mrs A Grigg, 181 Aerkimer St Ham; 5 Mrs W Dunsmeor, 174 Queen St Ham; 6 Eliza Donald, 75 Sheaffe St Ham; 7 Mrs Brown, 3 Beverley St City; 8 Mrs T Joyce, 180 Market St Ham; 9 Mrs Durno, 291 Lippincott St City; 10 Walter Richards, 020 Dufferin Ave London E; J T Conway, Southampton; 12 Mary Cooper, 69 Carolina St N Ham; 13 Mrs Wm Phernister, Niagara Falls Sr; 14 E S Maingault, 857 Wellington St London; 15 M Pollard, 65 Shuter St City; 16 Mrs A M Johnson, "74 Baldwin St City; 17 Geo T Mann, London; 18 Evelyn Smith, Ealing; 19 C Samson, 81 Gloucester St Ottawa; 20 Mrs W Taylor, Markdale; 21 Mrs D B Smith, 141 Rebecca St Ham; 22 Mrs Wm Gibson, 85 Albion St London; 23 J Cameron, 125 York St Ham; 24 Annie Chuk, 123 Davenport Road, City; 25 M. Penny, 706 Dundas St. London, Ont; 26 Annie K. 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Next twenty-nine, each a complete set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in Cloth 16 vols $20. 1 Mrs F S Rees, Kingston; 2 Agnes Armstage, 419 Horton St London: 3 Margaret Hamilton, Kingston; 4 Ethel Gibson, Delaware: 5 Mrs G H Hopkins, Lindsay; 6 Mrs M C Wells, Mount Bridges; 7 Mrs Geo Young, 137 Union St Kingston; 8 Estella S Chadwick, 447 King St London 9 Alice Platford, Port Hope; 10 Mrs Jas Carter, Clandebrye; 11 Jessie Richardson, Paris; 12 Sam Ennis, Cavan; 13 Maggie McMichael Weoxeter; 14 Jas Goodwin, Stratford; 15 Mrs W H Coulson, 141 James St N Hamilton. 16 Arthur Peters, Oakville; 17 Warren Jenkins, Arva; 18 Lizzie Walker, Thorndale 19 James Matthews, Lucan: 20 Bertie Smith, White Rose; 21 Mrs E E Belyea, King St St John's 22 Mrs Geo Robson, Whitby. 23 Jno Patterson, Port Credit; 24 Arthur White, Mount Vernon; 25 Hattie Thorne, 102 Carmarthen St St John's N B; 26 Edna M Tompson, Scarboro Jct; 27 Mrs Jas Prince, 35 Sewell St St John's N B; 28 A J Peters, Meaford, 39 Jas Matthews Winnipeg Man, Next one, twenty dollars in cash, Arthur Henderson, Hamilton. Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, 1 J Fred Leishman, Hamilton; 2 G H Richardson, Auroro; 3 Mary Ocombe, 9 Elgin Ave Riverside 4 Mrs Chas F Forster Galt; 5 Geo Fields, Columbus; 6 C H Durrant, rant, Dundas; 7 William Plemisher, Niagara Falls; Next eleven, five dollars cash, 1 Volume, Madoc; 2 Angus McGregor, Seaforth; 3 Geo H Roulledge, Lambeth; 4 C W Bavies, Brantford; 5 Jessie Bavies, Brantford; 6 M Spright, St Cathrines; 7 C Carson, Willand; 8 M St John, Port Huron Mich; 9 Jane Hunter, Avidson; 10 John Hunter, Avidson; 11 C M Milbourne, Paris. 12 Next seventeen, each a Ladies Fine Gold Gem Ring. 1 Gertrude B Jackson, 160 Wertley Road London; 2 Miss M Penny, 706 Dundas st London; 3 Mrs A Wilkes, 661 Mfirkham St Toronto; 4 Mrs M Bennell, 104 Mary St Hamilton; 6 E H keays, 768 Dundas St London; 6 F G Hunter, Moncton N B; 7 Mrs J M Elroy, St Mary Ferry N B 8 Mrs C D Dickson, Woodstock N B; 9 Lottie Racine, 16 Elliott Row St John N B; 10 Mrs W F Lewis. 98 St James St St John N B; Mrs J A Thompson, Frederickton N B; 12 W Barnes, Hampton NB; 13 Mrs C Miners, 73 Beacher St London; 14 Jas Ried, Arthur; 15 Mrs J W Peters, Middle St St Johns N B; 16 Mrs M Simpson, Mooresville; 17 M R Cougle, Sussex N B. 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Pine-apple for Diptheria.

It is said that nature has her own remedy for every ill to which flesh is heir. Some of her remedies have not yet been discovered, and some that have been found out have not become generally known. Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the pure juice of the pine-apple.

"The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman, when interviewed, "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down South for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pine apple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pine-aple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out diphtheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucus membrane of his throat sore. Among those who have tried the cure on my recommendation I may mention Francis J. Kennett, the Board of Trade man, whose children were all down with diphtheria and were cured by this remedy." Mr. Kennett confirmed the statement.

Leisure by Method.

Everything goes by express train in these days—work, pleasure, everything; it can't be helped, we must go on with the tide; but unless we are very careful our health is likely to suffer. Perhaps people who are absolutely drones, who do nothing, who have, or who think they have no responsibilities in this world, can let their life run on in a "come what will" sort of manner. Those who are the busy bees of the world, who rush on early and late in incessant action, must take care that they do not hurry themselves to an untimely end by letting their brains be in a continuous state of morbid activity. Leisure is essential. How are we to get it? somebody will say; and we answer, it may be very difficult, but have you ever tried method? A little planning out of our days and lives, and especially doing everything in the proper time—it is wonderful how it answers. Method is generally abused by people who have never tried it.

Keep Your Windows Open at Night.

No means is so well calculated to purify the air as to require the room to be kept in constant and easy communication with the exterior by means of an open window. In this way patients are furnished with a healthy and agreeable supply of fresh air, and they show the benefit thereby derived, first by their manifest sensation of comfort, and later on by an improvement in their general state of health. The danger of catching cold, which has so often been objected unreasonably to this method, seems not at all to be feared for a patient who is in bed and well wrapped up, and in this connection it may be useful to recall the opinion of certain physicians who claim that a horizontal position is very advantageous for persons trying to resist a lowering in the surrounding temperature, probably because it favors a uniform distribution and circulation of the blood warmed in the interior portions of the organism and thereby prevents the results of a too great exposure to cold.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

—For the Ladies Journal.

Woman's Sphere.

If girls were allowed to choose a pursuit for themselves, and encouraged to do their best to excel in it, in the same way as boys, there would be fewer unhappy marriages, and many more wholesouled, energetic, helpful women in the world. All women are not born housekeepers or seamstresses. If a girl has a distaste for such work, it is cruelty to keep her at it. Rather discover first what particular talent she possesses and then encourage her to turn it to advantage. Don't be afarid that she will be thereby unfitted to assume, at some future day, the responsibility of a home of her own; for, in the first place, a girl who is able to support herself at work which she likes is not constrained to marry for a home, and she will be more likely to make a wise choice when she does marry. In that case her ambition will be aroused to make her home what it ought to be. In the second place, a woman who knows what it is to support herself can better sympathise with a man who has to do battle with the outside world to maintain his family. It sharpens a woman's energies and wits to learn something of business in a practical way, and she is thereby better fitted to become a helpmeet indeed. How frequently we read of business men committing suicide: cause—failure in business, helped on by an extravagant wife. Would it happen so often if men had wives who could sympathize and talk intelligently with them of their business affairs? We conclude, therefore, that the sphere of a single woman is whatever best suits her hands and brains to do.

With a married woman, however, the case is different. She should make up her mind to the fact that the care of her house and children is her sphere. No woman should marry without making this a subject of grave consideration. She should remember that she is entering upon a permanent situation, one which she cannot throw aside when she tires of it, that of housekeeper and homemaker for the man of her choice. Her intended husband may be wealthy or he may be poor. It matters not, her duty will be the same. She may have a staff of well-trained servants at her command, but her hand must guide and control them. Her responsibility will be as great, if not greater, than her poorer sister, who is obliged, through lack of means, to do her work with her own hands. Many girls marry with the idea that they are going to cast all care to the winds and have a delightfully easy time of it. It is a great mistake, for if they do carry out their theory, they fail signally in what is expected of them. They must neglect husband, home and children to do so.

It will be thought that I have drawn a severe and dismal picture of married life, but I have merely stated a few facts which every married woman must learn sooner or later. There is an old saw which says that "love lightens labor." This is particularly true when applied to *home work*. If a woman has chosen wisely, she will love and respect her husband. In that case duties, which at first seem hard, will become pleasures with this encouraging incentive to cheer her on, and she will conclude that the sphere of a good wife and mother is as noble a one as a woman can fill. *—Daisy Drew.*

Never had a preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age, or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair assumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.

THE FAMILY REMEDY CASE

The proverb tells us that those who are never taken unawares escape misfortune. To be prepared for any accident or emergency that may occur is often the difference between the most disastrous results and only a temporary inconvenience. The placing of certain remedies and appliances so that each member of the family may know where they are, is a great convenience in a household. Not only is such provision a convenience, but at any time may prove the means of averting that which otherwise might involve the loss of life itself. I have found a case made as follows, most satisfactory for keeping at hand those things that illness or accident may require, and as it has been examined and highly approved by able physicians I feel that I can safely commend it:

Take a piece of dark gray or brown chamois leather twenty-five inches long and eighteen inches wide and bind it about the edge with fine tape or ribbon. When this is done, take three strips of the chamois, each twenty-four inches long and eight, six and five inches wide respectively. Bind these pieces across the ends and one edge with the same binding with which the larger piece of chamois has been bound. Divide the strip eight inches in width into three equal parts and in the center of each of these divisions lay a box-plait that takes a trifle more than two inches of the goods. This makes the lower plaited edge a little less than the width of the foundation. Stitch the lower plaited edge of this strip on to the foundation one inch from the edge and cover the seam with a piece of binding laid on flat and stitched on both edges. Stitch the ends of this strip to the foundation and also down the two lines that form the divisions, thus forming three pockets. Cut three pieces of chamois six inches long and three wide, round the lower corners, bind them, put a loop in the center of each and stitch them on, one over each pocket, to form a closing flap. Bring them down and put a button corresponding to the loops on each pocket. Put the other two strips on the foundation in the same way, leaving a space of three-quarters of an inch between them. In the center of the vacant space at the top, stitch on a little strap in which to slip a sharp, medium sized pair of scissors. On each of the upper corners sew a strong loop for hanging the case, made of doubled, strong linen tape.

One of the pockets in this case should be devoted to prepared bandages. These should be of cheese cloth, torn in strips from one to six inches wide. The cloth used for this purpose should be carefully rolled in little rolls and tied with a bit of thread. These bandages should be unwound as they are wrapped about the part to be bandaged, and are arranged in this way to be ready for use, as a long strip of cloth twists and catches. When the bandages have been rolled and tied, wrap them in tissue paper to keep them free from dust or any other foreign substances, which, as they are used about wounds, might otherwise cause irritation, become a medium through which septic matter would be introduced into the blood. Place them in the case ready for a time of need.

Some lint should be scraped and wrapped carefully in tissue paper for the same reason that the bandages are so wrapped, and also some neatly trimmed pieces of old linen. With these should be placed a paper of the best pins, to be used in fastening the bandages.

Borated and also carbolated gauze, which can be procured at almost any drug store, should be put in this case, each carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Indeed, too much care cannot be exercised in regard to keeping everything in this case so placed that there can be no danger of their gathering any foreign substance.

There should be an eye-glass for bathing the eye and a bottle of the best distilled rose-water for inflamed eyes. Among other things there should be a cake of the best castile-soap and one of the fine sponges known as surgeons' sponges. There should be a box of vaseline, some mutton tallow, a bottle of Jamaica ginger, one of arnica and one of Hamamelis. There should also be in this case a box of mustard, brown paper cut in various sizes, some thin pieces of cheese cloth and some sizable pieces of soft cloth. Several different kinds of court-plaster, among them the heavy kind used in drawing scalp wounds together, should be put [illegible] and placed in one of the pockets.

[illegible] it is well to have [illegible] of potassium for sore [illegible] spirits of ammonia, sweet oil, alcohol, essence of peppermint, camphor, oil of cloves and a box of boric acid.

Of course any remedy desired may be added to those mentioned. However, each pocket should be carefully labeled on the upper part of the flaps covering it, that whatever is wanted can be reached without delay. This marking of the pockets can be accomplished by pasting on the flap a slip of paper on which is written the contents. Any material desired may be used for making this case. Chamois is only mentioned because it is considered preferable.

The Housekeeping Problem.

Time, strength, and necessary work are the three important elements to be taken into consideration by the woman who undertakes to solve the housekeeping problem. Each must be regarded, or the worker will find herself lost among [illegible] results, and so wearied with her unavailing efforts that she will [illegible] discouraged.

There is no labor so wearisome as that which is ineffectual. If one sees his object accomplished, all the hard labor that was expended in obtaining it seems insignificant. The individual is rare who wastes much admiration on the strength of him whom he can conquer; but no praise is too great to be given to the one who conquers him, for he is also not easily found who believes that an inferior strength is superior to his own.

It is for that very reason that housekeeping is considered so terrible a problem by many housekeepers; it masters them, and they are so tired with the struggle, and so discouraged over their failures, that the victor towering above them seems a veritable monster.

You may learn a lesson if you watch your children as they sit around the table working their examples in arithmetic. There is one who goes about his work with nervous haste, hardly taking time to read the example through to the end. He writes on his slate the first figure he reads, and adds, subtracts, or multiplies with no definite reason in his mind. The chances are that he will work a long time before he gets the correct result, and if he be inclined to impatience he may throw down his book in despair declaring that the example can not be worked to bring the given answer.

Now, see that child. He reads the example carefully, and thinks upon it until he decides what relationship the different numbers bear to each other, and when he begins to work he has a reason for adding, substracting, or dividing. He will probably get the correct result.

The housekeeper should have a well formed plan of attack. She should remember that the three elements before mentioned require her first consideration, and should endeavor to discover the exact relationship they bear to each other. If the result is not satisfactory it is because she has taken too much of one of the elements, and no equation can be formed. Then, instead of declaring herself beaten, might she not better try to discover her mistake and remedy it?

It is foolish to complain that we are given problems which can never be solved. It makes no difference what our position in life may be, the work which lies before us can be done by us if we go about it in the right way. Like the ambitious but foolish child we may have been so anxious to make rapid progress that we "skipped" the first lessons without comprehending them; if so, we must expect to find the next very difficult. The fault then lies with ourselves. Sometimes, like the pupil who is put into a class a little beyond him, we are so driven with work that we can not give it the thoughtful attention it deserves. There is little possibility of that unfortunate pupil graduating with honors. He may strive to keep up with the class, but will be in danger of completely breaking down from the strain; he may get through, but he can not deceive himself with the quality of his work. He is more likely to leave the class altogether, for few have the courage to go back and begin right, or the assurance to go ahead.

Sometimes the conditions are such that there is no going back; then we must be patient, and strive earnestly to reconcile the careless past with the difficult present, and right here we may learn the most valuable lesson of all from the little pupil before us. When he can not understand his problem he gives it to his teacher for help, and we should not be afraid to go to the Great Teacher for help through all the dark places in the problem which He has set for us to do.

About the House.

People who suffer from chapped hands should be careful to dry them thoroughly after they are washed. This prevents chapping. If the hands are already chapped, however, there is nothing better than camphor ice. This preparation contains no glycerine, a component part of many other ointments used for this purpose, and consequently of no use to the large number of persons to whose skin glycerine is irritating. To make camphor ice, take three drachms of camphor gum, the same amount of white beeswax and the same amount of spermaceti; add two ounces of olive oil. Put the ingredients together in a cup on the stove, in a moderately warm place, where they will melt slowly together and form a white ointment in a few minutes. Pour it in an earthen box or cup, and when cool, use. Rub the camphor ice on the hands before going to bed; put on gloves, and after a night or two of such treatment the ordinary cases of chapped hands will succumb.

Lemon juice is much better than oxalic acid for taking out stains on the skin. It softens it and leaves it in better condition. There are a certain number of drugs that every one should have at hand in convenient places, kept in glass bottles with glass stoppers. Among these is ammonia, which is perfect in its cleansing properties; then comes vaseline, glycerine, borax, alum, camphor and alcohol. Every one of these is needed.

Butter-scotch calls for one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, pinch of soda. Boil all together till done, pour in a buttered pan and cut in squares when cold, and wrap in paraffin paper

For a very nice custard pie, beat three eggs, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of flour, a pinch of salt and grated nutmeg to taste in a quart bowl, having in the meantime put your milk on to scald. When the milk is scalding, pour it over the beaten eggs, etc., stirring briskly. Have a large, deep pie-plate lined with crust, set in the oven and let stiffen a little, then pour in the custard. Do not have the oven very hot, just hot enough to brown the froth which will rise to the top of the custard a delicate color.

For frozen pudding, take one pint of heavy cream the yelks of four eggs and beat together; make a syrup of one pound of sugar and one pint of water, put on the fire when very hot, add forty blanched almonds, pounded fine, one ounce of chopped citron, two each of raisins and currants, one ounce of candied orange and lemon peel each, the juice of the lemon; pour in freezer and freeze. Set aside one hour to harden.

To brighten gilt picture frames, take sufficient flowers of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions, or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.

About the Hearth.

A judicious change of diet is needed in spring. Begin the morning meal with an extra allowance of fruit. Take two sound oranges or apples if you have been eating only one, or three if you have been eating two. Be sure there is no decay in the fruit employed in this manner. Eat good bread and butter. If you are a coffee or tea drinker, moderate the usual allowance. If you are a hot water drinker, take as much as you like. If you are a flesh eater, take half as much as you do in the winter. Pork is unfit for human food at any season. If potatoes are sound and mealy, they are not objectionable; cheesy potatoes are very unfit. There is the utmost need for the exercise of caution in the use of vegetables of every kind. Unless they have been well preserved and have a wholesome flavor, the part of wisdom is to avoid them.

Marion Harland advises those who use what grocers catalogue as canned goods to always open the cans some hours before cooking the contents and empty into an open bowl set in a cool place. This removes the close, airless, smoky taste. Drain the liquor from pease and beans, cover with fresh, cold water and let them soak for two hours. It freshens them wonderfully.

A tablespoonful of chives chopped fine is an improvement to a vegetable salad, or a few drops of onion juice. When dandelions are springing up in all our door-yards, there is no reason why that delightful salad the French make of white dandelion leaves and lettuce should not appear on the table often. All that is necessary to do is to invert a few flowerpots over your dandelion plants, or bury them up in sand like celery; the leaves bleach in a few weeks and make an excellent crisp salad plant. About two-thirds lettuce to one-third dandelion is the proper proportion. Wash the dandelion and lettuce leaves, tear them apart with the fingers; do not cut them. Dress the salad when the leaves are very cold and serve it at once. An excellent spring salad is the "barbe du capucin," or "old man's beard." It is in reality nothing more than the plants of the wild chicory grown in barrels in dark cellars, where it bleaches to a crispy condition, white as celery.

A delicious temperance punch can be brewed with pineapple and orange juices, colored with cranberry or strawberry syrup.

When bottles or decanters become discolored, place some finely chopped potato skins in them, replace the stopples and let them remain for a few days, then rinse carefully and the glass will be as bright as new.

To make a salad of bananas slice half a dozen and put in a dish with layers of as many oranges also sliced. Over all squeeze the juice of a lemon and sprinkle plentifully with powdered sugar. Serve very cold. Any delicate cake baked in layers and put together with layers of bananas sliced very thin will make a choice dessert. The cake should be served with sweetened whipped cream or it will be too dry to be palatable.

Solitude has but one disadvantage,—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be reminded of every known or supposed defect that we have.—[Byron.

It is excellent an thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

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WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

HELPFUL FLORAL HINTS.

A GOOD SOIL.

D. S. tells how she secured a good compost in which to grow anything:—

"I want to tell the readers of the JOURNAL how I get and keep on hand a good supply of soil without its costing me much except labor. In the fall, when frosts come, I cut down the vines, cannas, dahlias, gladioluses—everything in the garden, in fact, that doesn't live over the year—and pile them up in a corner, mixing in with them in layers half-rotted chips and refuse from the woodpile. The pile is allowed to decay the following summer. I plant vines about it to cover it. In the fall I stir it well, turning it over with a fork. I find that nearly all the vegetable matter has rotted. The next spring I run it through a coarse sieve, and the fine portion is used for potting plants and mixing with the soil in the beds, while the coarse portion, which does not pass through the sieve, is returned to the heap to decay for another year. In this way I secure ten or twelve bushels of very rich soil, that anything will grow in. Such a compost is within the reach of any one living in the country and will abundantly repay all trouble."

THE MAURANDIA.

W. writes as follows about the plant named above:—

"I can most fully endorse all that is said in regard to the adaptability of this vine for garden culture in southern Massachusetts. I have grown most of the vines recommended for outdoor culture, and consider this the best of them all. I have a number of conical trellises, about two feet across at the base and nine inches at the top, from six to eight feet high, made of galvanized wire-netting. One of these I annually appropriate to the Maurandia, using the white variety on one side and the purple on the other, allowing the two colors to mingle to suit themselves. They cover the trellis completely by the middle of July. Last season the plants were covered with flowers up to November."

SENECIO MARCOGLUSSUS, OR GERMAN IVY.

Mrs. R. C. speaks a good word for a neglected vine:—

"Among the many plants recommended by your correspondents for house-culture in winter, a climber of great merit has been overlooked. I refer to Senecio Marcoglussus, which is, perhaps, better known as German Ivy, though it is not an ivy in any sense of the word, except in resemblance. Although I am not given to rushing into print, I must urge its claims to notice. I procured a plant about three inches high in the spring, and planted it in a four-inch pot, which I plunged in a border with northern exposure. The vine was trained against the house. In the fall it was sixteen feet high. When I brought it into the house I cut off the old growth. I had a trellis four feet high made and fastened to the pot. It began to grow at once, and now the rack is densely covered with vines which have outgrown the space and support allotted them, and reach out in all directions in search of something to cling to. It is now budded to bloom. Its flowers are a pale straw color. The chief merit of this plant is in the ease with which it submits to any kind of treatment. Put away in a corner of the room, or brought forward as a specimen it makes no difference with it. One remarkable fact, which I think has hitherto escaped notice, is that no two leaves are exactly alike in shape. I have closely examined my plant, and among its thousands of leaves I find not one leaf which does not vary in some particular from every other leaf, though the general effect is the same. I have no plant in my collection which has given me less trouble and more pleasure."

The plant so heartily endorsed by this correspondent is a very useful one for the sitting-room window. It stands dry air and frequent changes of temperature well, and is of exceedingly rapid growth.

THE BALSAM AS A POT-PLANT.

M. J. W. tells how she grows the Balsam for winter-flowering:—

I spent the first twenty-five years of my life in a country where the summers were not sufficiently warm to bring this plant to maturity in the open ground, therefore we were obliged to grow it in pots. I am now living in a rather cold climate, ———, Minnesota, but our summers, though short, are so warm—when they get here—that they push everything along rapidly, and I have no difficulty in maturing the Balsam in the garden. But I have not given up growing them in pots. For this purpose I start the seed the latter part of June or early in July, and keep the young plants growing moderately the rest of the summer. In the autumn and early winter they are elegant. I train the plants in various ways—sometimes with one stem, sometimes with three. If I want a bushy plant, I let it grow to suit itself."

Coffee may go up, but the cross-roads variety of parched corn will be as abundant as ever.

To be conscious of the vigor to do great things, to scale the walls of paradise, and to have to spend it in a struggle for bread and water and rags and a garret,—ah, that is martyrdom.—[Balzac.

How to Wear Your Hair.

The right tight, snug, shiny little knot of hair, with its secure fastenings, which the tailor-made girl wore above her jaunty mannish rolling collar is indeed an anachronism above the clinging draperies and high puffed sleeves of a Josephine gown or in juxtaposition to the classic Grecian outlines of the popular, artistically draped costume. The ideal coiffure of the season finds its prototype only on some old Parthenon frieze or group of graces chiselled about an antique monument or altar, and the worst of it is that only a maiden sculptured in gleaming marble ought to attempt the style of coiffure, for on any live, breathing, moving girl the graceful arrangement comes tumbling down about her ears in an hour. The long, wavy lines of hair outlining the graceful contour of a woman's head and twisted softly in a mass of ringlets low in the neck or just high enough to allow the lowest of the depending curls to brush the nape of the neck, the pretty conceit of apparently securing the whole thing with a simple bit of ribbon tied in front, the brushing of the wavy mass over the ears to tie it up carelessly in the back, the soft fall of light, wavy fringes upon the forehead—all these were known centuries ago by the fair Athenian maidens who walked the street bonneted only in the beauty and sheen of their tresses, instead of putting on a wreath and a few butterflies as a head covering for outdoor wear. They knew the secrets which the modern girl is now learning, that ugly foreheads may be shaped to beauty with a fluff of curls, and that the curling iron is indeed a clever and artistic substitute for nature.

Now the first essential of a really stylish coiffure is that the hair of which it is composed should be curly, or, perhaps, as girls say, "fluffy." If you are endowed by nature with that kind of hair which two years ago you brushed and wet and oiled to make it smooth and glossy, all you have to do now is to keep all the oil out of it by frequent washing, let it tangle and fly at will, and gather it up in a soft knot low down on your neck, where it will look as if it were going to fall down entirely every minute, and put just enough pins in it to prevent that catastrophe, and nothing more.

We saw a sweet oval-faced young girl the other day with exactly this style of coiffure and the most æsthetic dress of black, embroidered with trails of yellow marguerities. If your hair be as straight and sleek as that of a Quaker elder or a Chippewa squaw, your hairdresser will make it ripple and wave and flow like that of the heroine in a three-volume novel.

Then, if you haven't been blessed with two large an allowance of it, she will gather up the shimmering, swaying strands into a coiffure like that I saw recently on a young girl whose hair, brown in shadow, revealed glimpses of gold in the sunshine. Back from her forehead and up from her neck the wavy strands brushed, whirled into a single light puffy knot, from which three soft curls fell, and a gold arrow held the whole in place.

Then there is the Greek coiffure proper, or rather an adaptation of it, which was arranged by a famous Parisian hairdresser for a noted American belle. It resembles the Psyche knot, which was so travestied in New York a few seasons back, and which women with snub-noses insisted upon affecting because it was becoming to their classic sisters. It is indeed a sort of a first cousin to the Psyche, but it belongs to a different branch of the family, and is made of a mass of soft curls and frizzes waving over the head from the temples and twisted into a fluffy knot held by chains of pearls. On top of the head pearl combs hold the waves of hair close to the head and soft curls fall over the face.

The Use of Slang.

She was a very nice looking girl; she had bright eyes that gleamed alike with fun and determination. She had on a pretty brown dress, her gloves fitted her perfectly, and she wore the daintiest of brown straw hats. She paid her fare in the street car and, as she closed her purse with a snap, she said: "I'm getting very tired of it, and I don't to allow myself to indulge in it any longer." She was tired of hearing a girl say she was "dead struck" on a young man when she meant, she thought, he was very pleasant. Of hearing another one announce that she thought rose-colored ribbons were very "swagger," *i. e.*, fashionable. Or again stigmatizing an impertinent young man as "too fresh," or calling the grandmother an "old girl." It was all unladylike; and yet these very girls were ones who were in the habit of hearing good English spoken, of reading good books, and who, after a little thought, knew exactly how abominably they were speaking. But it was a bad habit, and a bad habit is more easily gotten than gotten rid of. However, they are doing it; they formed a little "Anti-slang Band"; each time a slang word is used a penny is dropped in the slot of an earthenware saving's box, that cost just a penny; and every girl is put on her honor to keep account when she is away and to duly attend to her debts. I. O. U.'s are accepted, though as yet only one has been offered. There is a serious belief that at the end of 1890 there will be enough money in the box to found a bed in the Babies' Hospital; but it is perfectly certain that as the months go by the contributions will decrease, until, by January, slang will be eliminated from the conversation of this group of girls; and not only will the cheery leader announce that she's tird of it, but that she has absolutely stopped using it.

Guilty.

"Smithers was arrested for running off with Bronson's daughter."

"Eloping isn't a crime."

"No; but miss-appropriation is."

But One!

"Now, Mrs. Taylor, you will excuse me, but before taking your son into my employ, I should like to inquire as to whether he has any bad habits."

"Well, no, sir—'cept dyspe'sey."

ABOUT HAIR.

Editor Ladies' Journal:

SIR,—I have, as you know, for some time advertised in Canada and the States a preparation for the hair called "Dr. Dorenwend's Hair Magic." I have received some thousands of flattering testimonials from those who have used it, as to its merits as restorative of gray or faded hair, also as a promoter of the growth and a certain cure for dandruff.

A great many of my correspondents ask the questions—Why is my hair turning grey so early? Why is my hair falling out? As it is impossible for me to answer everyone, I take the liberty of encroaching on your valuable space to make a general reply. A great many persons do not seem to be aware that excessive washing and rubbing is injurious to the growth of the hair, such is the case, however. Constant washing and rubbing the scalp and hair, causes over irritation and removes the oily substance which gives strength to the hair. Undue heat caused by the wearing of heavy headgear is also injurious. Anything that will tend to dry up the sap or life of the hair will cause dandruff falling out of the hair, gray or faded hair, and finally baldness. Of course there are other causes, as diseases, hereditary tendencies, etc., but the first mentioned are the main and most common.

Dr. Dorenwend, an eminent German physician, has given to the world after years of toil and experiment, his now famous HAIR MAGIC. The object of this preparation is to assist nature in the production of this oily substance abs lutely necessary to the growth of the hair. It is now sold by all reliable druggists at $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5, or will be sent on receipt of price to any address. See that each wrapper bears the seal and signature of the manufacturer.

A. DORENWEND, 103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.

The Tailor System of cutting improved and simplified.

Complete in one piece.

MISS CHUBB

GENERAL AGENT.

Perfect-Fitting Sleeve a specialty. Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. **Corsets Made to Order.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Wire Dress Forms for draping, etc.

426½ Yonge St., Just South of College

THE INDIAN HERB AND ELECTRIC PAD

CURES All Kidney and Liver Ailments, Blood Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility and Premature Decline. Saves doctors' and druggists' bills. Agents make $100 to $300 a month. $2 sample free. Address at once, **EAST INDIA CO., Jersey City, N.J.**

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

In a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by the use of B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above-named diseases, on application. T. MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR $1.00

Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers, Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. **Limited Offer.** Only 1,500 of them at $1 each. You pay the dollar after you receive the machine. Send name and address to **AM. PUB. CO., Jersey City, N.J.**

The Public Warned.

Many people are deceived into neglecting bad blood, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., and thus allow these and other diseases to become established. Act promptly by using nature's blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulates the entire system, curing all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Plaid ribbons are in fashionable favor.

Tutti Frutti is a fasionable brand of chewing gum, dear to the hearts and teeth of thousands of American and Canadian girls. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

The new nun's veilings come with borders and sometimes fringes on one selvage.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how differently would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Feathers take the lead on evening dresses and are dyed in all colors to match costumes.

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescibing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

A vandyked border on one selvage finished with a fringe is a novelty in fancy nun's veilings.

People who reside or sojourn in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malady. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

The combination of white with yellow or white and gold is much favored for evening dress.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them; Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

The general tendency of spring goods is to greater elegance of material and more simplicity in the cut of gown.

A Seasonable Hint.

During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all such complaints.

Black serges with checked borders, black on black, are likely to be favored the coming season by ladies in mourning.

There are Cheap Panaceas for various human ailments continually cropping up. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has no affinity with any of these. Unlike them, the article is derived from the purest sources, is prepared with the utmost chemical skill, and is a genuine remedy and not a palliative for Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney troubles, impurity of the blood, and female complaints.

Green will be as popular during the coming spring and summer months as it was throughout the past season.

C. A. Livingstone, Platteville, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Pompadour ribbons of various widths are stitched on evening dresses in rows from the neck to the hem of the toilet.

There are cases where moderate gum chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti after each meal.

Many of the new suitings brought out for tailor gowns have fringed borders in a contrasting color on one selvage.

There is comfort in store for persons troubled with lame back, rheumatic pains, corns or bunions, who commence without delay a course of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, followed up systematically until relief is obtained.

Chemical Analysis, shows Adams Tutti Frutti gum to be pure and healthful.—The American Analyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

All the new bonnets are very small. The front have sometimes wired lace lappets for trimmings, which look like butterflies' wings.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

The new jackets of heliotrope English cloth have sabran waistcoats of pretty colored kid trimmed with silk applique work the shade of the coat.

Easily Ascertained.

It is easy to find out from one who has used it, the virtues of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness of any kind, it has no superior.

Shepherd's plaids still hold their own, and are in new shades and pin stripes in two colors; or two or three shades of the same color will be fashionable.

This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Sleeves will remain very full at the top, narrowing toward the fore arm, where they are buttoned or mock buttoned to wrist and variously ornamented.

Jas. Shannon, Leaksdale, writes.—"For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when, in a few days the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used."

Barred, plaided, checked and striped mohairs and alpacas come in all the color combinations seen in the wool tartans and zephyrs of this spring.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

The new mohairs and alpacas are more lustrous than those of last spring and they come in all the new colors that are seen in other spring fabrics.

For indigestion or dyspepsia Adams' Tutti Frutti gum, recommended by R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., L L. D. and Dr. Cyrus Edson. Sold by all druggists and confectoners. 5 cents.

The new ginghams and zephyrs come in new and novel, fancy as well as clan tartans and in stripes and broche figures on stripes and plain grounds.

Autumn Anxieties.

I had a very bad cough this fall, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured me completely.

E. Robinson, Washago.

Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Premonitions of approaching Danger, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will soon give public readings of her own writings.

Adams' Tutti Frutti gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

It is said that Miss Rose E. Cleveland has made some money out of oranges in Florida.

The Best and the Cheapest.

100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Does your Head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Costive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Bilious? Trke Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Miss Frank Leslie will deliver a series of lectures in the principal Western cities next fall.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

An exposition of Woman's Work has taken place in Sidney, Australia, in which £4,000 has been realized. It was largely and admirably representative.

High Time to Begin.

After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer. Thousands of testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength. It removes that tired, worn out feeling, and restores lost appetite.

FOR THE

Handkerchief,

THE

Toilet

AND

The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

The Sabbath Chime.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
  Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
  And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found.
  To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd;
  On Jesus cast thy weighty load:
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
  Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
  Forever love and praise the Lord.

As spring the winter—day the night.
  So peace thy gloom shall chase away.
And smiling joy, a seraph bright.
  Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay:
While glory weaves the immortal crown.
  And waits to claim thee for her own.

A curious and interesting addition has been made to the arts and sports exhibition at the Grosvenor gallery, London, in the shape of the "Silver Bells of Lanark," presented to that burgh in the twelfth century by King William the Lion and since used as a piece of challenge racing plate. This and the "Carlisle Bells," also in the exhibition, seem to point to the fact that in earlier days a bell was the customary prize given for racing, whence the expression "He bore off the bell" probably had its origin

For

Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,

NO REMEDY EQUALS

PAIN-KILLER

AND

49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for

Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.

Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.* ☜

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A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men hove felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read th,is valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. Lubon, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Knowledge is power, no doubt, but one should know how to apply the brakes.

A Sure Basis of Popularity.—Merit, apparent to a "cloud of witnesses," upon which the popularity of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is founded. Throat and lung complaints, pain, soreness, stiffness, swellings, burns and ailments of various other kinds, yield to the action of this speedy and safe remedy.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY EXAMINATIOFS ORAL OR WRITTEN.
Mrs. Mendon, 238 McCaul Street.

LADIES Wanting profitable employment at home, address with stamps, J. TROTTER, 5 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

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Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Recamier Cream Recamier Balm, Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, Recamier Soaps, Recamier Powders and Seven Sutherland Sisters Hair Grower and Hair and Scalp Cleaner.
ARCADE PHARMACY, 133 YONGE STREET.
Telephone 1108.

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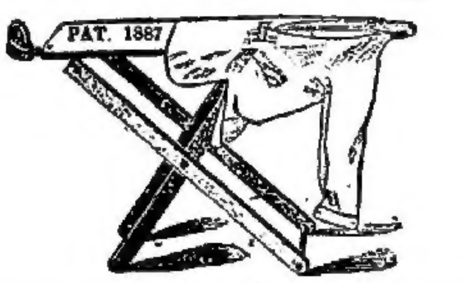

Will send to any address on receipt of $2.00. A SHIRT AND SKIRT BOARD combined. Send stamp for circulars.
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ELECTRIC -:- APPLIANCES
—HAVING—
- ABSORBENT QUALITIES. -

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE!

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought direct into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

1890. A NEW LIST OF HOME TESTIMONIES. 1890.

Senator A. C. Botsford, Sackville, N. B., says Actina is good for defective eyesight. He tried it.
Rev. Chas. Hole, Halifax, N. S., recommends Butterfly Belt for general debility.
Jas. S. Musselman, Berlin, Ont., general debility and catarrh—cured.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, Toronto, Liver and Kidneys—now free from all pain and strong and happy.
John Arnott, Iona, Ont, Lame Back cured after trying everything.
D. D. Gilles, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.
Daniel Campbell, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.
Mrs. Lottie Collier, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and Spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.
G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia, 15 years, cured in six weeks.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.
A. G. Henderson, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.
B. C. McCord, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.
J. Cameron, Beaver, B.C., feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks.
F. W. Martin, St. John, Newfoundland, suffered several years with Inflammation of the eye—Actina cured in 2 weeks.
W. J. Gould, Gurney Stove Works—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 4 days—Sciatica.
James Story, Fitzroy, Ont., after wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us, 70 years old.
J. R. Johnson, Solgirth, Man., tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective. Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.
Jas. Mansfield, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.
Josiah Fennell, Toronto, for six weeks could not write a letter—went to work on 6th day—Neuralgia.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Geo. H. Bailey, Union, Ont., a suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Scaly Sore Feet, cured in one month.
Jas. Nicholson, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 13 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.
Mrs. Connell, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment; cured in one month.
L. D. Good, Berlin, Ont., cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.
David Richards, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney Complaint of long standing in 2 weeks.
Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
Thos. Bryan, 341 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozens, P.M. Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks feels like his former self.
J. A. T., Ivy, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. E. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

Catarrh Impossible Under Its Influence.
CERTAIN CURE.
NO VINEGAR OR ACID USED.
—)o(—
Combined Belt and Suspensory
ONLY $5.00.
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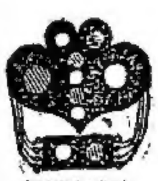
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ACTINA.

Actina Will Cure All Diseases of the Eye.
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Given on 15 Days' Trial.
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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK AND JOURNAL—FREE.
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LADIES'.

NAME THIS PAPER.

W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen Street W., Toronto.

KEY- Hole in the Door, — How a Young Lady Writes. This Book Richly Illustrated and ... Sample Cards for 1890. All Mailed Post Paid for a two cent stamp. BANNER CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

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To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., &c., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold plated Ring to any address on receipt of 32 cents in postage stamps; and will also send free our mammoth Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, [illegible] wear for years, and to stand acid test, [illegible] 32 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. [illegible] and get a $2.00 Ring for 32 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR $1.
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60¢ PRINTING OUTFIT & and 10c MAGIC HAT RACK, ONLY 25¢

To get Agents and buyers we will, for 60 days only, send these two valuable articles postpaid on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps. 1 sells 60c., 1 sells $1.00. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. Outfit used for marking clothes, printing cards, marking linen, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains alphabets neat type, type holder, indelible ink, pad, tweezers, all in neat case with Directions, full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outfits. Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address INGERSOLL & BRO., 45 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

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Silk and Felt Hats made to Order and Blocked while you wait. Having bought out A. S. Smith, Yonge Street Arcade, the business will be carried on at
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Millinery Work a Specialty.
Remember the address, 23½ Adelaide St. W.

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Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Knitting Machine
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our NEW RIBBER and we will allow you
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GEORGETOWN, ONT.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING—The McDowell Garment Drafting Machines, the most stylish, Simple, Complete, Artistic, Rapid, and Durable Method ever invented. Write for circular with full particulars. Sole Agents, TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL Adelaide st. west, Toronto, Ont.

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THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Used Internally & Externally. Prices 50c. $1, $1.75
POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York & London.

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St. Montreal P.Q.

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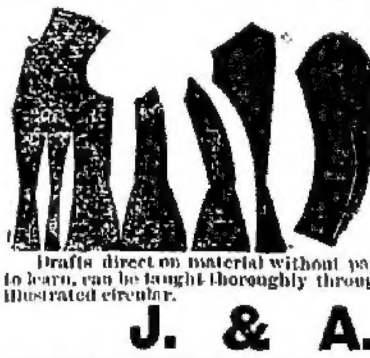
Please mention this paper.

978 [illegible] BUCKEYE & YOUTH, CADIZ, OHIO.

To introduce them, one in every County or Town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Burden Music Box Co., 7 Murray St., N.Y.

I CURE FITS!
THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.



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THE NEW
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(Late Prof. Moody.)
LEADING SYSTEM OF THE DAY.
Drafts direct on material without paper or patterns. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly through the mail. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.
J. & A. CARTER,
PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS, ETC., - - 372 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
Beware of Models and Machines.

"TRUTH"

-: Bible Competition :-

NO. 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, providing always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2, LEGS; 3, FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one Very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm $500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, $30 280
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7 105
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30 300
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Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, $7 133
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Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, $2 60

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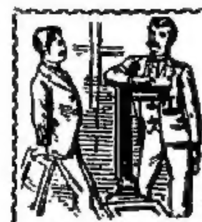

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